ICE $1.25

AUGUST 6, 1982

orn-Again Bishops
See Michael Novak, p. 960

NATIONAL REVIEW

Edmund Morris Returns to South Africa and Weeps, for a Beloved Country

M SMTH020E- 009 8215 0 1 28 -
MR E ROY SMITH
20 BELLE AIR RD
COLORADO SPGS CO 80906

Also In This Issue

Nicholas King on New York's Brinky Daily News

Francis B. Randall on "China: Alive in a Bitter Sea"

D. Keith Mano Reflects on the Nuclear Freeze March

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Surface Contingent

A recent finding at the General Motors Research Laboratories has changed scientific thinking about the behavior of electrons in metal surfaces. This discovery provides a greater understanding of the fundamental physical processes involved in such surface events as adhesion, corrosion and catalysis.

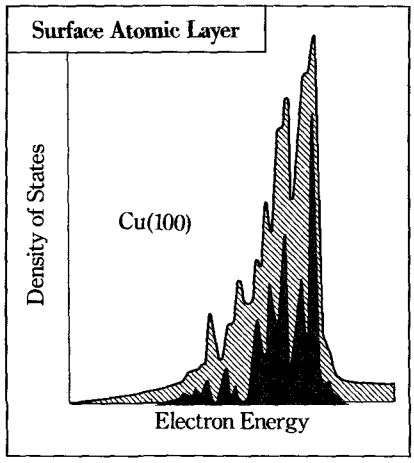
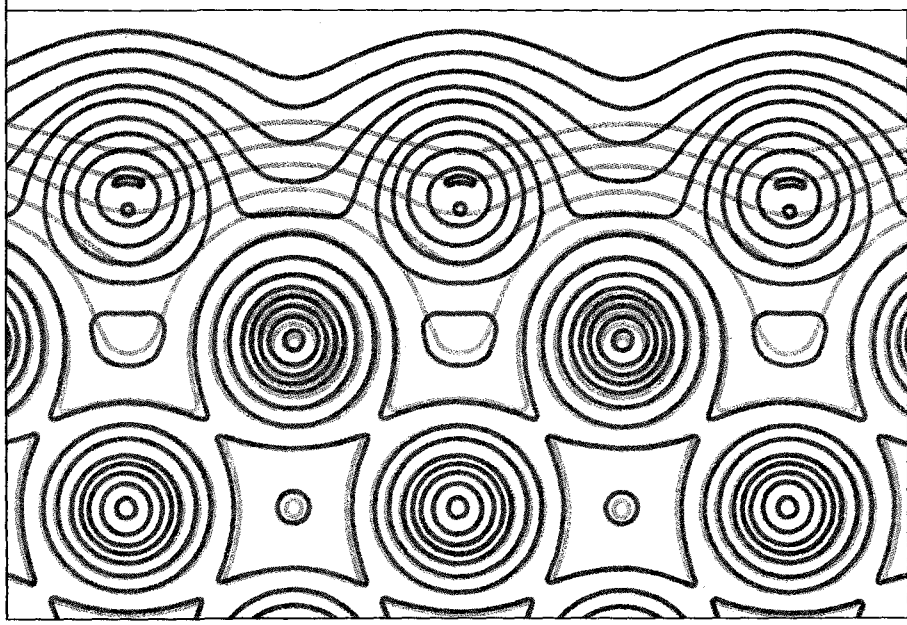


Figure 1: Energy distribution of electrons in outermost atomic layer. Red area indicates electrons in surface states.

Figure 2: Two electron density contour maps of the cross-section of a Cu(100) surface. One map shows a clean copper surface (tan); the other shows a nitrogen-covered copper surface (green).

CONVENTIONAL scientific thought treats virtually all of the valence electrons found in the surface atomic layer of a metal as if they are free to roam throughout the metal's interior. The work of three physicists at the General Motors Research Laboratories suggests otherwise. Through calculations confirmed by experimental data, the theorists have shown that more than a quarter of the valence electrons in the top atomic layer of some metals are effectively trapped in the surface. The presence of so many "surface state" electrons must be considered when analyzing physical and chemical surface phenomena, including such surface events as oxidation leading to corrosion.



Drs. John Smith, Jack Gay and Frank Arlinghaus applied their theoretical analysis to the (100) surface of five metals: copper, nickel, silver, rhodium and palladium. They made bold predictions concerning the percentage of electrons in the surface atomic layer to be found in surface states: Cu(36%), Ni(23%), Ag(23%), Rh(23%) and Pd(19%). The ratio of the red area to the hatched area of figure 1 gives the percentage for copper.

Electrons in surface states are not only abundant, but also highly localized on the surface. Chemisorption on a metal is also confined to the surface region. Figure 2 shows what happens in the case of nitrogen chemisorbed on copper. The two contour maps coincide except in the surface layer, where the interaction is largely exhibited. Localization of the interaction holds for the chemisorption of other gases, including oxygen in the initial stage of metal oxidation. These observations led the physicists to conclude that surface states are important in chemisorption.

One way to probe electrons in surfaces is to chemisorb atoms on a clean metal surface and look for changes in photoemission spectra. Such an experiment was performed at GM for fractional monolayers of nitrogen, oxygen and sulfur on Cu(100). The dominant change in the photoemission spectrum was the disappearance of a large peak whose shape and en-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ergy location was independent of the chemisorbed atom. It was of special interest that the shape and energy location of this peak was nearly identical to the envelope around the surface state peaks in figure 1. This suggests that surface state electrons play a major role in the chemisorption process.

THE THEORETICAL advance at the heart of the discovery is the "Self-Consistent Local Orbital (SCLO) Method" for solving the Schrödinger equation. This new mathematical method was devised by the GM theorists to handle the classic dilemma posed by the self-consistency requirement. The characterization of electron behavior used to complete the equation must be consistent with the behavior predicted by the equation. In other words, one almost needs to know the answer in order to make the calculation.

Self-consistent solution of the equation for a metal surface is made exceedingly difficult by the three-dimensional nature of the electron density distribution. The theorists dealt with this challenge successfully by dividing the electron density distribution into two parts—the first part due to overlapping atomic density distributions; the second part equaling the difference between this atomic contribution and the exact density distribution.

One of the more stringent tests of the accuracy of the SCLO method was an angular photoemission experiment conducted by Heimann et al. at the University of Munich, subsequent to publication of the GM research. The German research team confirmed a prominent surface state band predicted by the three GM physicists. This was the first time a surface state band on a solid had been calculated prior to its being seen experimentally. The SCLO method makes possible something that could not be done before—accurate prediction of the actual behavior of electrons whirling around nuclei at the surface of a metal.

"The large body of surface states we found on metal surfaces," says Dr. Smith, "may be a controlling factor in many physical and chemical surface phenomena. By replacing conjecture with calculation, the new surface theoretical methods give us the means to make major steps forward in the analysis of surface and interface properties."

THE MEN BEHIND THE WORK

Drs. Smith, Gay and Arlinghaus are theorists in the Physics Department at the General Motors Research Laboratories.

John Smith (center) and Jack Gay (right) received doctorates in physics; Smith from Ohio State University and Gay from the University of Florida. Frank Arlinghaus received his Ph.D. in physical chemistry from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

John Smith, leader of the GM solid state physics group, did postdoctoral work at the University of California in La Jolla. He joined General Motors in 1972. Frank Arlinghaus and Jack Gay joined the corporation in 1964 and 1965, respectively.

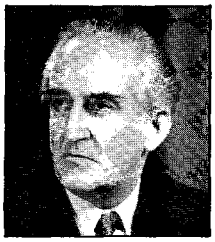
Each member of the team brings to the project a different expertise: Smith in surface physics, Gay in solid state theory, and Arlinghaus in bulk band structure calculations.

GM General Motors
The future of transportation is here

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NATIONAL REVIEW

AUGUST 6, 1982
VOL. XXXIV, NO. 15
ISSN: 0028-0038



CROZIER
Page 946

KING
Page 957

NOVAK
Page 960

SOBRAN
Page 961

RANDALL
Page 962

TEACHOUT
Page 966

South Africa

947 Return to the Beloved Country

A white African (now an American citizen) revisits South Africa, a land the literature of foreign parts long ago drew him away from. He finds Johannesburg looking "smaller and shabbier," but other changes are more profound: the Transkei is now a republic of sorts, with its own brutal cops; an old revolutionary friend has mellowed without changing his mind; a new black literature is sprouting. Five blacks to every white; yet many whites carry on as if their rule were destined to be eternal. The eye of the returning son sees that it is not so.

Edmund Morris

Articles & Columns

944 Summer Potpourri

Will drug/buggery skulduggery topple Tip? A few hot items from our steamy capital.

John McLaughlin

946 The Lebanese Tragedy

Amid the heavily anti-Israel disinformation, few noticed that Israel had demolished some cherished myths about the PLO. *Brian Crozier*

957 The Daily News Makes It

The biggest paper in our biggest city is an institution with spunk, heat, and humor. A few months back it was on the ropes. Now it has survived financial woes and a flirtation with social-climbing liberalism. Here to stay? We hope so. *Nicholas King*

960 Born-Again Bishops

Ah . . . the greening of the hierarchy! Not "forgive your enemies" (that's practically cold-war rhetoric!) but "there are no enemies" (that's Archbishop Hunthausen of Seattle). *Michael Novak*

Books Arts & Manners

961 Jeff Greenfield says the media in 1980 missed, misreported, and somewhat distorted *The Real Campaign*. It was a victory for traditional politics and philosophy—a/k/a "ideology"—over gimmickry. Happy moral: you can't fool the voters. **Joseph Sobran** likes the idea, but has reservations. . . . Back from China duty, Fox Butterfield of the *New York Times* has some colorfully, comically horrible stories to tell. **Francis B. Randall** finds them overwhelming. . . . Richard Mitchell, the Underground Grammarian, strikes again, savagely as ever, and **J. O. Tate** commends him to concerned citizens everywhere. . . . John Gregory Dunne's *Dutch Shea Jr.* offers one great character, 42 wonderful pages, and then unrelieved grimness, reports **Jeffrey Brodrick**. . . . **Terry Teachout** assays collections by three of our leading music critics. . . . **John Simon** lets his hair down for *Don's Party*, another gift from the Australian cinema. . . . **D. Keith Mano** is cool to the freeze.

Letters	**927**
For the Record	**932**
The Week	**933**
Help!!!	**950**
Abroad	**959**
Dark Horses	**971**
On the Right	**974**
Trans-O-Gram	**978**

Cover design by James W. O'Bryan; photo by Wide World Photos

NATIONAL REVIEW is published bi-weekly, except for the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc. at 150 E. 35th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10016. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional mailing offices.

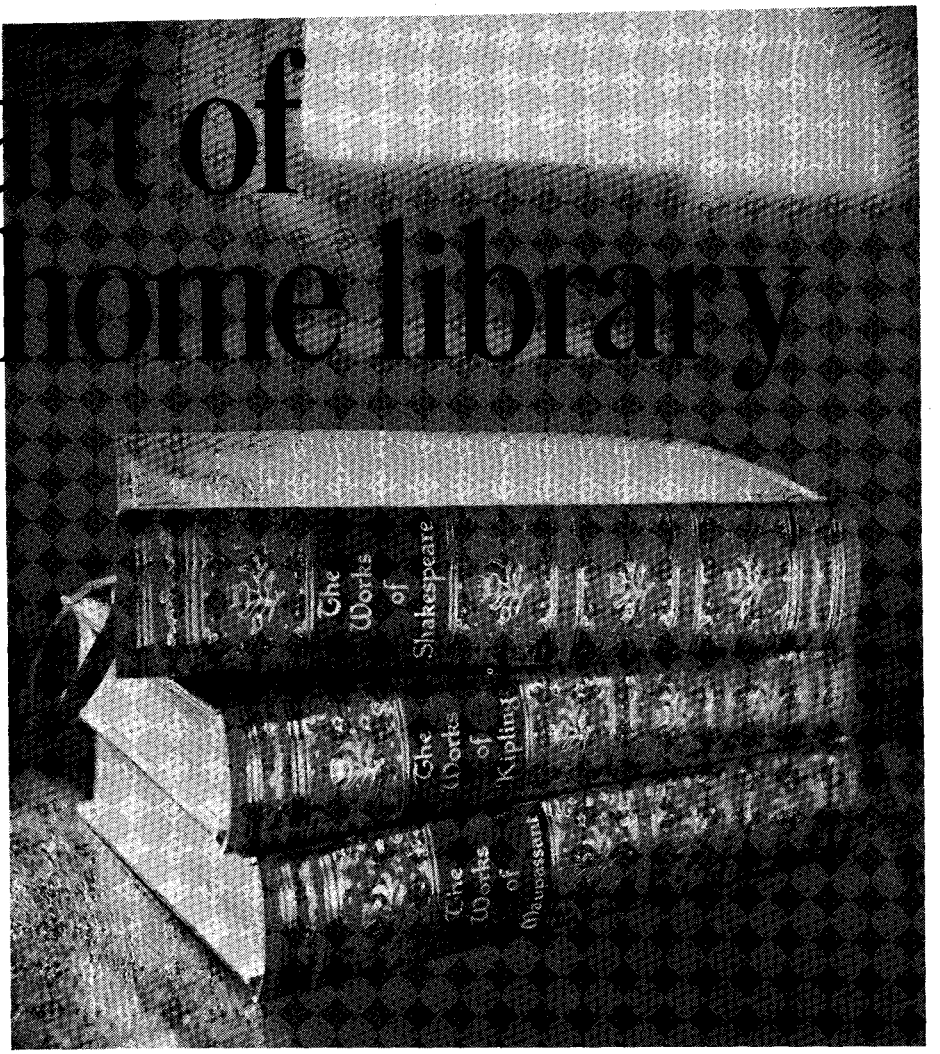
© National Review, Inc., 1982.

Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editors, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile.

RATES: *$26.00 a year (26 issues). Add $6.25 for Canada and other foreign subscriptions, per year. (All payments in U.S. currency.) The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage or, better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The start of a fine home library



Let us send you, for the token price of only $1 each, three books that have served as cornerstones in many a fine home library.

The complete works of Shakespeare

This beautiful 1300-page volume contains every word Shakespeare ever wrote. All 37 of his comedies, tragedies, and historical dramas including Hamlet, Romeo and Juliet, Macbeth, etc. Also all of his poems and sonnets.

The works of Kipling

Actually eight books in one. A complete novel and 139 stories, ballads and verses loved the world over, including Mandalay, Gunga Din, The Phantom Rickshaw, etc.

The works of De Maupassant

128 matchless tales by the acknowledged master of the short story. Every story complete and unexpurgated: The Diamond Necklace, A Piece of String, The Will, etc.

Each volume is clothed in a handsomely-tooled binding of antique ecru with both the elegant look and feel of leather.

You will enjoy reading these books, just as millions before you have. Your friends will admire them, perhaps even envy you for owning them. And your children will gain a real advantage with books like these always close at hand.

We offer you three books of this calibre for only $1 each to introduce you to our new Golden Giants Series. We think you will be impressed. And we hope you will want to own others in the Series, as they become available, including:

Hugo. 36 complete works including Hunchback of Notre Dame, A Woman of the Streets, The Souls.

Regularly $29.67. Now only $1 each.

Stevenson. 39 novels, stories, poems. Treasure Island, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Kidnaped, etc.

Doyle. All the best of Sherlock Holmes—The Sign of The Four, Red-Headed League, plus other works.

Poe. 91 works: Annabel Lee, The Raven, The Gold Bug, Murders in the Rue Morgue, etc.

The full series will also include the works of Cellini, Wilde, Ibsen, Browning, Longfellow, Emerson, Dostoevsky, Byron and many others.

Normally, you would expect to pay $12 each or more for deluxe editions of books like these. But our direct-to-the-public method of book distribution (which we have specialized in for over 50 years) lets us make these volumes available for only $10.35 each, plus shipping.

Send no money now. Simply mail coupon to get your first three volumes for only $1 each, plus shipping, and to reserve the privilege of examining future volumes as they come from the press.

You will receive advance description of all upcoming volumes. You may reject any book before or after you receive it. And you may cancel your reservation any time you wish.

Mail coupon to: Black's Readers Service, Roslyn, New York 11576.

PUBLISHED BY
WALTER J. BLACK, INC.
ESTABLISHED 1923

Black's Readers Service

ROSLYN, NEW YORK 11576

Please enroll me as a subscriber and send me at once SHAKESPEARE, KIPLING and DE MAUPASSANT. I enclose *no money now*. After a week's examination, I will either keep my books and pay $3 (plus shipping) or return them.

Also reserve for me additional volumes in the Golden Giants of Literature Series. As a subscriber, I will get advance descriptions of future volumes. For each volume I choose, I will pay just $10.35 (plus shipping). I may return any book, for full credit within 21 days and I may cancel my reservation at any time.

MR./MRS./MS. _____ 2-ZM
(Please print plainly)

ADDRESS _____ G02D7T

CITY & STATE _____ ZIP _____

Note: Subscribers accepted in U.S.A. and Canada only; offer slightly different in Canada.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Some people ask:

"Wouldn't my auto insurance rates be lower if insurance companies took their investment income into account?"

We want you to know:

Insurance companies *do* take investment income into account when they make their rates. The truth is, your auto insurance rates would be *higher* than they are if insurance companies *didn't* make allowance for investment income.

An insurance company has two main sources of income: premiums paid by policyholders and money generated by investments, usually in stocks or bonds. *Together,* these funds are used to pay regular claims, catastrophic losses, operating expenses, dividends, state and federal taxes.

To sell policies at competitive prices, an insurance company must strike a balance between its income from policyholder premiums *and* its income from investments. That balance will usually differ—among companies and markets. A rigid formula for balancing premium income with investment income would be neither sensible nor practical, because no two markets, types of insurance, or insurance companies are exactly alike. The "balancing" requires good business judgment and common sense.

In recent years, the economy has produced record levels of investment income. But inflation has led to record hospital and medical fees and auto repair costs—the things insurance pays for. Meanwhile, auto insurance premiums have risen less than the costs of mending bodies and repairing cars.

The result is that insurance companies have committed more dollars for auto insurance claims and general expenses than they have collected in premiums. In industry jargon, that's called an "underwriting loss." Fortunately for customers and companies alike, investment income has more than offset those underwriting losses and has enabled insurance companies to make an overall profit.

And that, in turn, enables companies to continue to serve the growing insurance needs of the public.

We're working to keep insurance affordable.

This message presented by the **American Insurance Association,** 85 John Street, NY, NY 10038

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

William F. Buckley Jr. *Editor*
William A. Rusher *Publisher*
James P. McFadden *Associate Publisher*

Editors
Richard Brookhiser / James Burnham
Jeffrey Hart / Joseph Sobran
Priscilla L. Buckley *Managing Editor*

Executive Editors
Linda Bridges *Assistant Managing Editor*
Kevin Lynch *(Articles)*
John McLaughlin *(Washington)*
Chilton Williamson Jr.
(Books, Arts, & Manners)

Assistant Publisher
Edward A. Capano

Contributing Editors
Ruth Berenson / Brian Crozier
W. H. von Dreele / George Gilder
Nika Hazelton / James Jackson Kilpatrick
D. Keith Mano
Charles Burton Marshall / Michael Novak
Walter Olson / Francis Russell
John Simon / Ernest van den Haag
Timothy J. Wheeler

Associates
Anne Hollyday
Carol B. Learsy / Mary Schwarz
Jane Buckley Smith

Frances Bronson *Executive Secretary*
Dorothy McCartney *Research Director*
James W. O'Bryan *Art Director*
Colleen Lawlor *Associate Art Director*
Anna Lieber *Production Editor*
Ione Whitlock *Associate Production Editor*
Kathleen Nester *Assistant*
Robin Wu *Research Consultant*
Rose Flynn DeMaio *Treasurer*

Advertising Director
Robert F. Sennott Jr.

Circulation Manager
Robert Garvey

Contributors
Aram Bakshian Jr. / Bruce Bartlett
David Brudnoy / John Chamberlain
Samuel T. Cohen / Miles Copeland
John R. Coyne Jr. / David Evanier
M. Stanton Evans / Neal B. Freeman
Mary Gauerke / Victor Gold
Donald Hall / Malcolm Hancock
Norman Hannah / Henry Hazlitt
Charles R. Kesler / John Kiley
Nicholas King / Suzanne La Follette
Mary Martínez / Forrest McDonald
Thomas Molnar / Ferdinand Mount
George Nash / Gerhart Niemeyer
Joseph A. Rehyansky / Alan Reynolds
William F. Rickenbacker / Selden Rodman
Morrie Ryskind / Taki Theodoracopulos
Ralph de Toledano / S. L. Varnado
Charles Wallen Jr. / George F. Will
Edwin M. Yoder Jr.

Foreign Contributors
Anthony Lejeune *London*
Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn *Munich*
Donald Coxe *Toronto*
Nena Ossa *Santiago*
Robert S. Strother *Cuernavaca*

*

Letters

Don't Cry for Argentina

How disappointing it is that the Argentinians, a modern, sophisticated people, would attempt the unprincipled ploy of stealing territory in order to bolster national pride ["Colonel Blimp's Day," by Anthony Lejeune, July 23]. The failure of this hubristic escapade has a Sophoclean ring.

Lillian Borgman
Long Beach, N.Y.

Bravo for Brozen

Yale Brozen's article "Government and the Rich" [July 9] is the best analysis I have seen of the reasons for the disturbing long-term outlook for our economy. I would hope that you will make this article available to every member of Congress.

If you arrange to do this, you might add a postscript calling the attention of congressmen to their individual and collective responsibility for the frightening growth of lawlessness that can be traced to the unrealistic minimum-wage laws, particularly as applied to young people. I refer to the mugging, robbing, and even murder by young men who cannot get jobs and who join gangs out of boredom, many of them using drugs and stealing in order to pay for them. With the failure of states and local communities to increase jail capacity rapidly enough to take care of the number of youngsters being added to the growing total of lawbreakers, we are heading for real trouble.

My views are based on experience rather than theory. Those of us who had to go to work at an early age in the pre-New Deal days had a wide choice of apprenticeship-type jobs which, in many cases, led to very satisfactory careers.

Anthony Gaubis
Sparta, N.J.

Thank you for "Government and the Rich." Professor Brozen has an uncanny ability to state the obvious more *obviously* than anyone else. That is the real art of teaching and writing well about economics.

Dennis Brennen
Department of Economics
William Rainey Harper College
Palatine, Ill.

If you really want to help the poor, push "workfare." It is now flourishing in West Virginia and in about 25 other states. Workfare says if you want welfare (including food stamps, energy and housing supplements, etc.) you work for it. In West Virginia, more than 1,200 recipients of Aid to Families with Dependent Children are working for 350 different organizations as clerks, meter maids, teachers' aides, and aides in parks and recreation centers.

Workfare works, and it is especially fair to America's working class, whose taxes go to support the welfare parasites who refuse to take jobs because they can live for free on public resources. With workfare, such persons would leave the welfare rolls as soon as they could get higher-paying regular jobs, and the genuinely needy would get much more help.

Most liberals hate workfare because it reduces their control over our taxes. The liberal welfare bureaucracy is the "trickle-down" theory in action. They spend our taxes to further their own power and perks while dribbling a little down to the "underclass" beneath them. The liberals entice and imprison millions of Americans into a welfare trap.

Charles Lee Keeton III
New Orleans, La.

Rights and Wrongs

May I add a footnote to Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick's elegant article ["Why Not Abolish Ignorance?" July 9] which skewers the intellectual debauchery that results when "rights" are confused with "goals"?

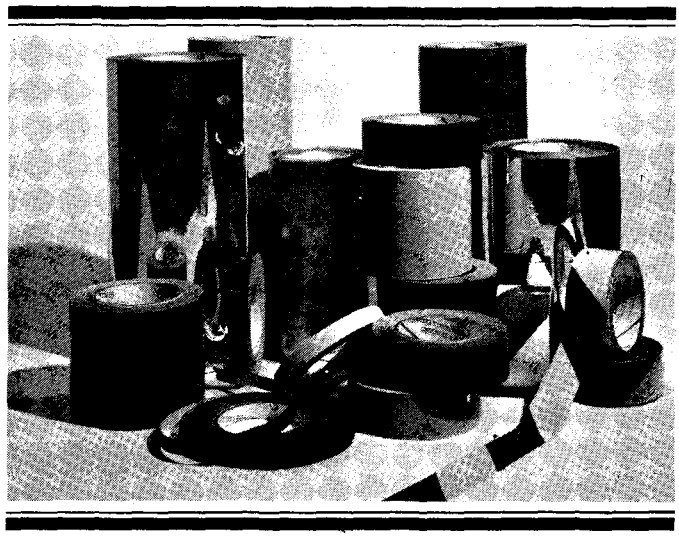
In World War II President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill met on a ship in the Atlantic Ocean and issued a Charter proclaiming the "Four Freedoms" —freedom *of* speech, freedom *of* religion, freedom *from* want, and freedom *from* fear. While fully recognizing the inspirational value of the Charter in a beleaguered world at war, I would say that this epitomizes and may well have accelerated the corruption of the meaning of "rights."

The prepositions "of" and "from" are operative. Freedom of speech and religion are rights derived from a higher Law. Want and fear are objective social conditions from which we all want to be spared (or free) but have no God-given right to be so. One might as well speak of the "right" to be free of smallpox. The objective conditions of life—for example, smallpox—are subject to gradual modification by men and women working together in society. But to combine two of the real rights of man with two social conditions under one categorical heading called "freedoms" results in the most egregious distortion.

How much has this kind of confusion contributed to the competitive claims masquerading as "rights" which proliferate

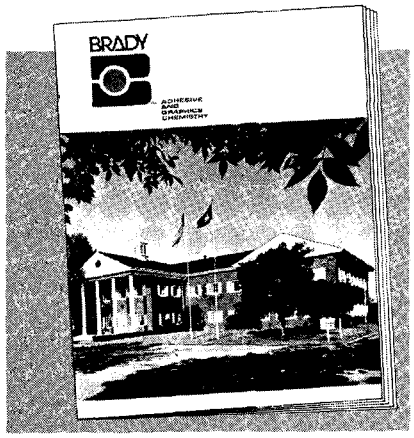
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Freedom to compete, Brady style



We're among the first to protest the government-mandated maze of regulations which dam the wellsprings of freedom and seek to substitute reams of rules for human judgment. But we still manage to run our business in unusual ways.

For example, Brady's Technicote Division takes foil, film, paper, cloth, and other materials and treats them with chemicals and coatings and then applies adhesives to them. OEM customers for this service may possibly make an end product for these materials that could be very much like one produced by another Brady division which also buys the identical base materials from Technicote. Risky? Sure it is. But risk is what freedom is all about.



Technicote will provide custom coating of a customer's own product or create a completely custom-made product to meet exacting customer requirements. Just one of many innovative Brady services for industry. Our informative new corporate brochure will tell you more about Brady...perhaps you'll see a place to put Brady to work in your company. Write for a copy today.

WBC-11

BRADY

™ ADHESIVE AND GRAPHICS CHEMISTRY

W. H. BRADY CO.
727 W. Glendale Avenue
P. O. Box 571, Milwaukee, WI 53201

not only among our own classes, races, and social groups but in the United Nations, between producers and consumers of raw materials, between the developed and developing nations, between the northern and southern hemispheres? As Mrs. Kirkpatrick says, she is currently involved in a Robert Owen type of "world convention" to emancipate mankind from everything bad. And in such a convention "rights" have been reduced to what Aldous Huxley once called "only adjustments of conflicting claims."

Norman B. Hannah
Bethesda, Md.

Parades and Peaceniks

Joseph Sobran's article "Rainbow in Central Park" [July 9] blatantly refuses to address the reasons for the disarmament rally of June 12. Instead of investigating the motivation for such a peace march, Sobran is content to attack in a superficial and sophomoric fashion the groups that took part in the Central Park event. By simply scanning the surface, Sobran deduces that the demonstrators were ". . . a broad coalition of people who hate the West and people who don't hate people who hate the West." This remarkable discovery apparently justifies Sobran's presentation of the function as a Communist, anti-Reagan festival. If Sobran could only dismiss his pink paranoia, he would see that the rally promoters and partakers were preaching peace and life, not politicizing in a sinister Soviet plot.

Kathleen Keating
West Hartford, Conn.

Joseph Sobran is correct (dare I say right?). The Left clearly dominated the June 12 march on the UN and the rally in Central Park.

He failed, however, to see not only the libertarian-anarchist group rallying around the banner of "No Nations, No Nukes," but a small contingent of YAFers, of all people, as well!

But I can certainly understand why Mr. Sobran didn't notice us. No one did. The "real agenda" was discovered early in the game when libertarians and individualist/anarchists were shushed at "coalition" and "planning" meetings and were not included on the list of rally speakers.

William Allen White once said that "liberty is the one thing you cannot have unless you are willing to give it to others." The Left, once again, demonstrated its lack of interest in giving liberty, at least in terms of freedom of speech, to proponents of competing ideas.

Dyanne M. Petersen
Brooklyn Heights, N.Y.

Just between Friends

I am afraid John McLaughlin's casual writing style reflects some fairly casual thinking in "From Washington Straight"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[July 9]. McLaughlin calls for the U.S. to "withhold all military weapons from Israel." He justifies the strategy with the rhetorical query: "If Israel can make Lebanon be Lebanon, why shouldn't the United States, Israel's best friend, make Israel be Israel?" First, the analogy folds because Israel acted in self-defense and, primarily, in its self-interest. The United States, in following McLaughlin, would have different motivations and justifications. Second, McLaughlin tosses the term "best friend" into play. Do best friends blackmail each other into action? Third, he does not see the chilling effect of such a move on Israel's bargaining position in peace negotiations. Would McLaughlin want President Reagan to enter arms talks with Leonid Brezhnev aware that Congress would erase the defense budget if an agreement were not signed?

Someone once said that for every problem there is a solution that is direct, simple—and wrong. Mr. McLaughlin has found it.

David E. Weiss
Briarcliff Manor, N.Y.

Pipedreams

In "The Week" for July 9 you ran a paragraph stating that the extension of the ban on sales of pipeline equipment to the USSR was an "important and invigorating victory for Reaganism."

Now let us recall a sentence from Ambassador Kirkpatrick's article ["Why Not Abolish Ignorance?"] in the same issue: "The principal function of a . . . policy which emphasizes motives rather than consequences . . . is to make us feel good about ourselves."

The *motives* of President Carter's 1980 grain embargo, and of President Reagan's ban on pipeline equipment sales and his refusal to resume grain-sales talks with the Soviets, were to express our disapproval of Soviet actions in Afghanistan and Poland, to help the people in these countries, and to put economic pressure on the USSR.

The *consequences* of these actions are by now clear: Poland is still under martial law; the Russians are economically unaffected and merely buy their grain and pipeline equipment from our foreign competitors; our European allies, even the British, are deeply offended; American agriculture, on some counts the largest, and certainly one of the most efficient industries in this country, is seriously hurt and perhaps permanently crippled; thousands of American workers, especially here in Illinois, are laid off.

The motives make many members of the Reagan Administration and many political commentators feel good. The consequences are disastrous for millions of Americans.

Dale E. Elliott
Lovington, Ill.

In your mention of the Soviet gas pipeline, you neglect a most vital truth: if certain European allies make themselves strategically dependent on Soviet natural gas, our military strategic support would be rendered practically meaningless.

The President should announce that if they proceed with that arrangement, we will *immediately* remove all our armed forces from those countries and modify our overall defense strategies.

I'll bet they go through with the pipeline deal anyway. At a savings to us of billions of military tax dollars as well as profits on gas transmission equipment sales.

I'd like that.

Charles M. Hart
Cranford, N.J.

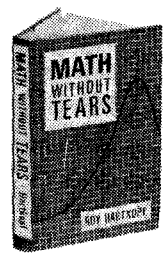
Playboy of the Western World

Lubor J. Zink's article "The Unpenetrated Problem of Pierre Trudeau" [June 25] is a sobering revelation of the true beliefs and policies of the Canadian Prime Minister. His article comes at a time when the Canadian economy is heading inexorably toward disaster: record inflation, record unemployment, and an execrable budget deficit, comparable to $200 billion in American terms. The government's answer to all of this is to increase taxes and government spending (no cruel Reaganomics here, no sir). Trudeau's government is one of the most incompetent in recent times, yet he is continuously re-elected, usually by large majorities in Parliament. As Mr. Zink points out, Canadians seem unable or unwilling to believe what is happening to them under Trudeau's rule. Mr. Zink does an excellent job at penetrating the problem of Pierre Trudeau, and therefore of Canada. Let's hope this article will help to penetrate the seemingly unpenetrable minds of the Canadian voters.

Michael MacGillivray
Fonthill, Ont.

Lubor J. Zink's piece on Pierre Trudeau was dismaying—but not totally convinc-

MATH WITHOUT TEARS



Using non-technical language and a light touch Roy Hartkopf gives you a basic understanding of many everyday applications of mathematics. He takes the reader from simple counting to trigonometry and calculus, emphasizing the practical aspects of math. Humorously written.

Learn math in the comfort of your own home at minimum cost.

Order Now: $11.95 plus $1.25 hdlg.

EMERSON BOOKS, INC.

Dept. 599-G **Verplanck, N.Y. 10596**

10 Day Money Back Guarantee

Are YOU a conservative running for office?

or do you work for a conservative candidate?

IF SO, THEN YOU CAN RENT . . .

The Viguerie Company's

"RIGHT OF CENTER"

Mailing List

YES, you can have every one of our "Right of Center" names that's in your election area.

These are *your people*.

The ones who've given money to or supported causes like:

- TAX LIMITATION
- NATIONAL DEFENSE
- GUN RIGHTS
- RIGHT TO WORK
- RIGHT TO LIFE
- SCHOOL PRAYER
- and CONSERVATIVE CANDIDATES—like YOU

YOU CAN USE THIS LIST TO . . .
- Recruit volunteers,
- Find supporters,
- Gain contributors,
- Locate voters

. . . ALL IN YOUR ELECTION AREA

So call or write Richard Gorsky
American Mailing Lists Corp.
703-893-2340
7777 Leesburg Pike
Falls Church, Virginia 22043

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing. His quotations from Trudeau's own writings are indeed outrageous: Trudeau seems to be the North American Tony Benn—a socialist ideologue who can easily believe six impossible things before breakfast, so long as they come from the left side of his plate.

However, certain knowledgeable Canadians who have been watching Trudeau as long as Mr. Zink—and who are equally conservative and anti-Communist—will tell you that while Trudeau sports the coloration of the trendy Left, and probably even believes much of what he says in that regard, still his reddish hue waxes and wanes with the shifts in fashion. The one thing that has remained constant throughout his career is a passionate desire to retain a French Quebec in a unified Canada. That is where his heart is, and in the face of that desire his other beliefs pale into mere opinions.

Barbara Fordham
Buffalo, N.Y.

Hammer and Sickle

Tom Bethell's analysis of property rights in El Salvador ["Owning El Salvador," May 28] defends a national system in which private ownership extends beyond objects and resources to engulf institutions and, ultimately, human beings.

Mr. Bethell's desert-island analogy could be paraphrased to better reflect Salvadoran reality: "Two survivors of a shipwreck make their way to a desert island. One brings a hammer; the other a sickle. The island's population consists of two people; its wealth is two implements and raw vegetation. The survivors eye each other's implements. The one with the hammer decides he also wants the sickle. The sickle-holder is a hammer-and-sickle man at heart. So they fight. After the battle—and by virtue of it—one survivor is wealthier. He now owns both implements and dominates the other survivor."

So it goes in El Salvador.

Marion R. Brown
Madison, Wis.

The Simple Things

There was a *lapsus mentis* in "The Week" [July 9]. I refer to the statement, "Which is worse: that they [children of illegal aliens] grow up illiterate and monoglot, or that the states run up a larger school bill?" If we could only be so certain that the choice were one *or* the other.

Russell Kirk, we miss you.

Philip E. Rasch
Orange, Calif.

Hiss Hunt

To my horror I picked up the June 25 *NR* and found myself accused of perjury with respect to Alger Hiss! I'm referring to the letter from Mr. Lemann of New Orleans on page 734.

I'm the fellow who supplied you with that tidbit which appeared in "For the Record" on March 6, 1981 [that Harvard was displaying a picture of Alger Hiss in its alumni hall of fame]. I stand by my source, which was the official alumni publication *Harvard Magazine*, the November-December 1980 issue, page 74: "The admissions committee administers its tender, loving care in Radcliffe's Byerly Hall, where visitors are treated to a numbing display of Harvard name-dropping. A depot-size waiting room is dominated by 76 photographs of distinguished alumni. Theodore Roosevelt, Helen Keller, W. E. B. Du Bois, Pete Seeger, Kingman Brewster, Gertrude Stein, Alger Hiss, J. Pierpont Morgan, Robert Benchley, Aga Khan IV . . ."

If your *Salient* operatives are still in Cambridge, instruct them to look for the photo gallery in the undergrad admissions office lobby. I can't guarantee that the photo will be there (it may have been pulled down if big contributors protested), but I am verifying my source.

Get set to retract your retraction. Whatever else we may lie about, Harvard men don't make up uncomplimentary tales about their *alma mater*.

Mark Kolakowski
Harvard '80
Jersey City, N.J.

A family estate is a legacy to preserve and cherish. So it is with Great Elm, a 50-acre expanse of lawns and gardens, woodlands, hills, and meadows. This Eighteenth-Century mansion, situated on the Sharon Green, has been delicately converted to create only five condominium units, of which three are available. One of these units contains: 2 bedrooms, 2½ baths, wide board floors, beamed ceilings, four zones of heating, two patios, and spacious rooms.

All units feature:

- ***Individually controlled air conditioning***
- ***Multi-zoned heating***
- ***Full insulation for energy efficiency***
- ***Custom kitchens***
- ***Bathrooms with Corian vanities***
- ***Fireplaces in all living rooms***
- ***Average size 1,700 square feet***

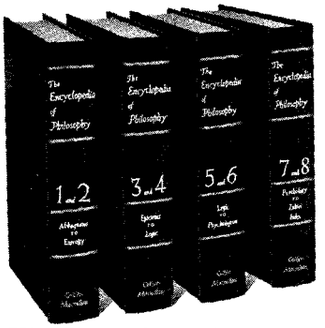
Estate amenities—pool (70′ × 25′), tennis, and platform tennis.
On-site Superintendent and staff will provide maintenance of private road, as well as mowing and snow-plowing of individual properties.
Protective covenants and careful planning ensure preservation of this grand estate.

Attractive financing available.

Write: **G. Laurence McGowan**
Great Elm, Ltd.
South Main Street
Sharon, Connecticut 06069
Or Call: **203-364-0667**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

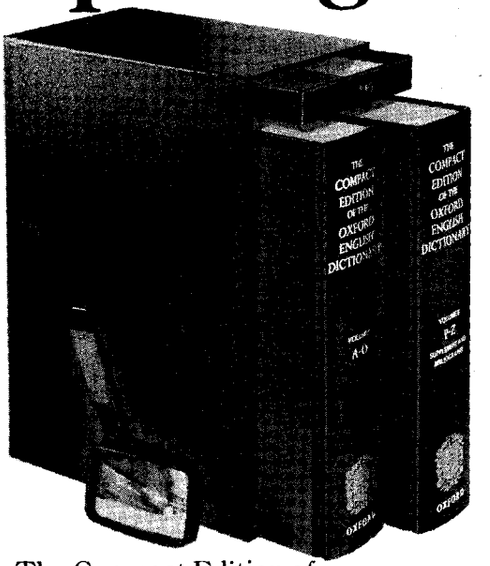
Sets of permanent value at surprising savings.



The Encyclopedia of Philosophy

for **$24.95** (Pub price $150)

The most comprehensive encyclopedia of philosophy ever published, this set traces ancient, medieval, modern, Eastern and Western thought. An essential and rewarding reference source for home libraries.



The Compact Edition of The Oxford English Dictionary

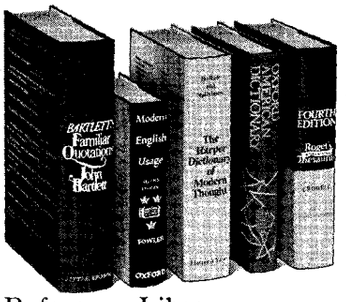
for **$24.95** (Pub price $125)

The "most complete, most scholarly dictionary of the English language"—*The Christian Science Monitor.* Through photo-reduction, the original 13-volume set has been reproduced in this two-volume *Compact Edition.* Magnifying glass included.

Great Ladies of Song

for **$14.95** (Nonmember prices total $76.85)

Three Book-of-the-Month Club custom recordings: *Billie Holiday: Ain't Nobody's Business If I Do; Sarah Vaughan, American Singer; Ella Fitzgerald Sings Gershwin.* Available in records, 8-tracks or cassettes.

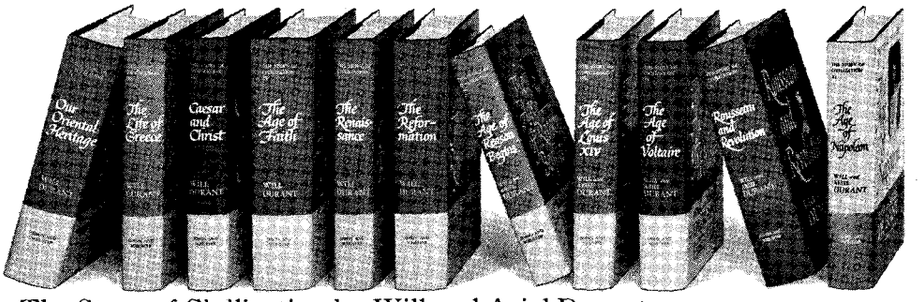


Reference Library

for **$14.95** 5 Vols.

(Pub prices total $91.40)

The five indispensable works for the home or student library: *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations* (revised and enlarged edition), *A Dictionary of Modern English Usage* (Fowler's), *The Harper Dictionary of Modern Thought, Oxford American Dictionary* and *Roget's International Thesaurus.*



The Story of Civilization by Will and Ariel Durant

for **$29.95** (Pub prices total $307.45)

For almost half a century Will and Ariel Durant traced the continuity of world history—the religions and philosophies, the political and economic tides, the arts and sciences, the customs and conquests—to show the foundations of society today. A Book-of-the-Month Club exclusive for almost 50 years, the Durants' illustrated masterwork is history come alive.

Choose one of these five sets and save up to $277.50

You simply agree to buy 4 books within the next two years.

Facts About Membership. As a member you will receive the *Book-of-the-Month Club News*® 15 times a year (about every 3½ weeks). Every issue reviews a Selection and 150 other books that we call Alternates, which are carefully chosen by our editors. If you want the Selection, do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more Alternates—or no book at all—indicate your decision on the Reply Form and return it by the specified date. *Return Privilege:* If the *News* is delayed and you receive the Selection without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit at our expense. *Cancellations:* Membership may be discontinued, either by you or by the Club, at any time after you have bought four additional books. Join today. With savings and choices like these, no wonder Book-of-the-Month Club is America's Bookstore®

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®

America's Bookstore® since 1926.

Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., Camp Hill, Pennsylvania 17012 **A123-8-1**

Check one box only.

- ☐ 912. Compact OED **$24.95**
- ☐ 913. The Story of Civ. **$29.95**
- ☐ 917. Ency. of Philosophy **$24.95**
- ☐ 938. Reference Library **$14.95**
- ☐ 943. Great Ladies of Song (11 Records) **$14.95**
- ☐ 944. Great Ladies of Song (6 Cassettes) **$14.95**
- ☐ 946. Great Ladies of Song (6 8-Track Tapes) **$14.95**

Please enroll me as a member of Book-of-the-Month Club and send me the set I have checked at left, billing me for the appropriate amount, plus shipping and handling charges. I agree to buy 4 books during the next two years. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

Mr.
Mrs. **2-64**
Miss (Please print plainly)

Address Apt.

City

State Zip

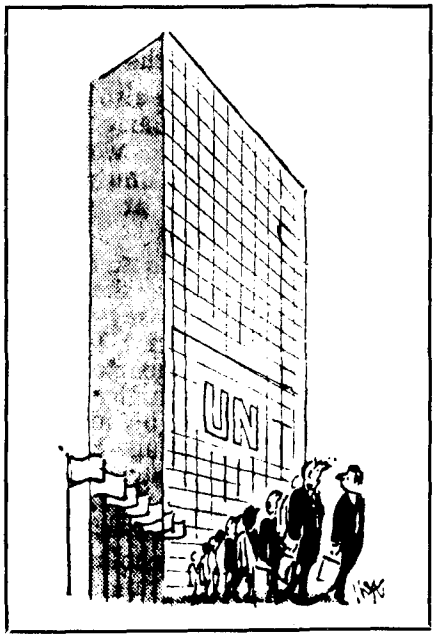
Prices shown are U.S. prices. Outside the U.S., prices are generally higher.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR THE RECORD

■ Whatcha know. Guess who's becoming everyone's political pin-up boy—Sen. **Robert Dole** of the "revenue enhancement" plan, that's who. The ever liberal *Boston Globe* commended "Pitchfork Bob Dole, the latter-day populist from Kansas" for lifting the "fairness issue" from the Democrats. . . . **Kevin Phillips** claims that Dole's "leadership" (in working out the voting-rights and tax-increase compromises) "moves him right up in the 1984 presidential sweepstakes." Phillips says he's seen more stories on Dole as a national political figure since May than on leading contenders **Bush**, **Kemp**, and **Baker** (Howard)—leading, that is, if **Ronald Reagan** were to pull out. . . . **Charles Manatt**, Democratic National Chairman, warns Democrats not to focus campaigns on Reagan. "He's the boy next door," says Manatt. "His personality is such that [he has to be] treated very gingerly." . . . Democratic pollster **Peter Hart** counsels Democratic candidates to tell constituents that what they want to do is "make adjustments" in Reagan's program, not scuttle it. . . . That's reading the polls. A recent **Gallup** shows many Americans believing in the Reagan package. Will it help your personal finances, and when? 29 per cent replied now; 36 per cent a year from now; 43 per cent in the long run. . . . Meanwhile, according to Gallup, **Harris**, **Wirthlin**, **NBC/AP**, **Time/Yankelovich**, Reagan has definitely bottomed out, is moving up slowly; in short is in stronger position than Jimmy Carter after his 18-months-in-office poll dive.

■ New insight on House elections this November. Democratic analyst **Alan Baron**, commenting that the Watergate election spending reforms have meant, in practice, that lots more is spent on elections, asks how important the money really is. In the 1982 races, says Baron, Republican House candidates will spend an average of $300,000, to $180,000 for the Democrats. If GOP loses only twenty seats in the traditional losing off-year it will mean that money counts; if Dems win more than thirty, money won't have been determining factor. . . . On individual races, Kevin Phillips now calls **Lew Lehrman** (gubernatorial, N.Y.) "the overwhelming favorite for GOP nomination as primary rival **Paul Curran**'s campaign hemorrhages credibility." . . . In Massachusetts, *Boston Globe* columnist **Peter Lucas** finds challenger **Ray Shamie** running far ahead of **Teddy Kennedy** in Kennedy's traditional home base in Irish South Boston—a heartening finding for Shamie camp. . . . Politics livening up in Vermont with candidacy of **John McClaughry**, who resigned as White House aide to run against liberal Republican Sen. **Robert Stafford**. McClaughry charges Stafford scored eight points higher than the average Democrat in support of **Jimmy Carter** programs. . . . In Ohio, it's going to be Left-Right fight with conservative Rep. **Clarence Brown** (ADA 0, ACA 83) taking on liberal Democrat **Richard Celeste** in gubernatorial race.



Holland, *Daily London Telegraph* Rothco

"I'm confident that, given more time, we could have arranged a ceasefire."

■ Hard-left *Mother Jones* alarmed that cutback in federal subsidies means cutback in PBS documentaries such as *The Case of the Legless Veteran* (he lost benefits because he was member of Socialist Workers Party); *Blood and Sand: War in the Sahara* (the pro-Polisario version of that battle); *In Our Own Backyard* (a scare flick about uranium mining). . . . **Bill Goforth**, vice president of Holiday Inns, says his company will refuse to pay for commercial aired on CBS's (**Bill Moyers**) controversial "People Like Us" program. The précis provided by CBS, says Goforth, "led us to expect a balanced report on the Administration's economic policies, not a one-sided attack on them." . . . Not much publicity when **Gary Eads**, president of PATCO, filed for bankruptcy 11 months after air controllers went out. . . . Looking ahead, there'll be a three-day salute in Old Town Alexandria, Va. Aug. 6-8, to celebrate 250th Anniversary of **George Washington**'s birth. For info: write **Marc Lipsitz**, American Studies Center, 426 C St., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002.

■ Going the rounds: On the Rev. **Sun Myung Moon**'s conviction: "God, and Moon in jail." On the Senate sex shenanigans: "Promise him anything, but give him our page." On Canada's continuing depression, bumper stickers reading: "How Do You Like Socialism So Far?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WEEK

■ One of the biggest names in the Senate is being mentioned in re the cocaine scandal. We can't say who he is, but if he gets away with *this* one, we give up.

■ Uh-oh. We should have foreseen Bob Dole's new role as Republican tax-hiker when the press started doing flattering profiles, and George McGovern offered this warm testimonial: "Bob Dole has grown."

■ The press conference is not Ronald Reagan's métier, and it must be said that it is not the press's either. Most of the questions come rather obviously from the left, in keeping with the doctrine of the "adversary" press. (During the Carter years, the questions also came from Carter's left.) Some samples from the most recent go-round: Isn't the Israeli action in Lebanon just like the Soviet action in Afghanistan? Why did you change your mind on ERA? Are you really committed to minority rights? Won't tuition tax credits for private schools help the rich? By taking on the liberal pack, the President kept his ritual obligation, but no news emerged—except that none of the reporters asked about a nuclear freeze, a sign that the latest "peace" movement isn't really going anywhere.

■ Oops! The genes were fine, but the references left something to be desired. Joyce Kowalski, mother of a Nobel sperm bank baby, turns out to have done time in prison for mail fraud and to have lost custody of her two other children for abusing them. Her current husband has been her partner in crime, but not in procreation: he went along with the insemination of his wife by a donor who was, according to the label on the bottle, a distinguished mathematician. Whether Mr. Kowalski should have passed out cigars remains an unresolved question. Poor baby.

■ When Friedrich Hayek called progressive income taxation "the chief source of irresponsibility of democratic action" and "the crucial issue on which the whole character of future society will depend," he was primarily engaged in a prophetic, rather than an evangelistic, enterprise, much as the authors of the Bible did not foresee the Gideons. The flat tax rate hasn't reached hotel-room currency yet, but it's getting there. Liberals—liberal *politicians*—have been saying nice things about it, while thirty conservatives (among them: Jesse Helms, George Gilder) signed a manifesto proclaiming the good news. "The present system has become a bureaucratic nightmare . . . an unfair tax burden on the vast majority of working, middle-class Americans . . . countless loopholes. . . . A flat tax rate is the best solution that can give every American a fair and equal share of the tax burden, while providing government sufficient revenues to fulfill its necessary functions."

■ An old form of political protest has re-emerged. It's called punching. Newton C. Estes of Kaysville, Utah visited the tactic upon Supreme Court Justice Byron R. White on July 15. Shouting "busing and pornography just doesn't go," Estes, a 57-year-old construction project estimator, attacked White, 65, during a Utah Bar Association meeting. A former All-American halfback at the University of Colorado and professional football player, "Whizzer" White withstood several blows without serious injury. Even so, he probably would have preferred the kind of intruder who sits on your bed and cadges cigarettes.

■ Alger Hiss has suffered another setback in his long struggle to vindicate himself against McCarthy-era accusations by clouding the issue. Calling Hiss's latest claims "frivolous," Federal Judge Richard Owen opined bluntly: "The trial was a fair one by any standard, and I am presented with nothing requiring a hearing on any issue. The jury verdict rendered in 1950 was amply supported by the evidence—the most damaging aspects of which were admitted by Hiss." And he threw out Hiss's petition for a new trial. Assisting Judge Owen was an *amicus curiae* brief submitted by J. Daniel Mahoney, *NR*'s attorney and head of the Conservative Party of New York. The idea was initiated and paid for by a civic-minded Midwestern businessman who thinks Hiss and his janissaries have carried this nonsense on long enough.

■ One prominent object of left-liberal hate is Robert Bartley, editor of the *Wall Street Journal*'s editorial page, which daily does the Left less good than any other page in America. Latest to savage Bartley is Blaine Harden of the *Washington Post Magazine*, who says Bartley's "attack-dog" prose is written for "rich and powerful people," and proceeds to quote all Bartley's detractors, from high school on. What finally emerges is an oblique confirmation of the rumor that the Left, mushy or otherwise, has a fifth column at the *Journal*, led by Washington bureau chief Norman Miller. The

Lizzie Borden Dole

Robert Dole's aligned his axe
With our tax-bent aching backs.
If he swings he'll get the door
Just as Hoover did before.

W. H. von Dreele

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Miller faction has succeeded, it appears, in forcing Bartley to give space to such friends of Wall Street as Alexander Cockburn, Hodding Carter III, Morton Kondracke, and Miller himself. Cockburn is the son and ideological heir of Claud Cockburn, a sometime London correspondent of *Pravda*. No sign that *Pravda* will give Bartley space in return.

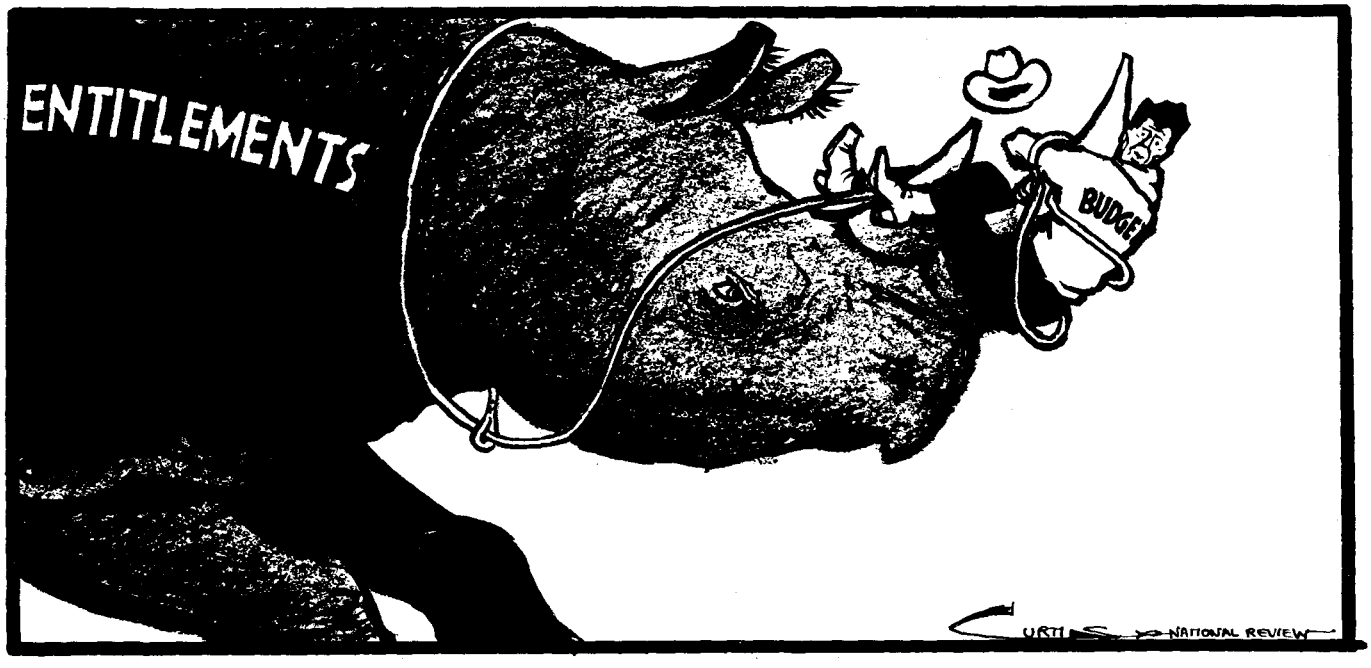
■ CBS has acknowledged that its January documentary, "The Uncounted Enemy: A Vietnam Deception," was a . . . well, not a deception, exactly ("CBS News stands by this broadcast," says CBS president Van Gordon Sauter), but not quite kosher. The word "conspiracy" should not have been used, conflicting testimony was suppressed, certain witnesses should have been more fully identified, and there should have been stricter compliance with CBS News's own standards. The concessions came after a long internal inquiry in response to a *TV Guide* attack on the documentary's "smear" of General William Westmoreland. The show's producer, George Crile, admits he went ahead despite a letter from Westmoreland correcting a fatal figure he had given from memory in the taped interview; Crile says the point of the letter simply eluded him. He still thinks "conspiracy" was the *mot juste*, though.

■ The OPEC meeting in Vienna broke up a fortnight ago, squabbling. There was a lot to squabble about. At the last meeting in March, the members had agreed to cope with falling oil prices by restricting production—then promptly began cheating on each other. OPEC is in fact going the way of most cartels: greed 1) cuts demand and generates competition outside the cartel, which 2) creates a glut, which 3) lowers prices, which 4) causes competition inside the cartel, which 5) in effect ends the cartel. Now is the time for an oil import tariff—say, $10 a barrel—to help things along. As prices rose, domestic consumption would be discouraged, while domestic production would rise to reap the benefits. The next OPEC meeting would probably be the last. Not a billion dollars too soon.

■ Britain's military victory in the Falkland Islands has almost obscured the major successes of Margaret Thatcher's government at home, where three years of recession and unemployment are beginning to yield to the Prime Minister's policy of stringency. Inflation has dropped from 22 per cent in 1980 to 9 per cent, productivity has increased over the past year by 10 per cent, and housing starts are up 40 per cent over the same period. Mrs. Thatcher, who has made tighter control of the labor unions a major element in her efforts to put the economy on a firm footing, has just won a signal victory by forcing an end to the two-week-old railway strike; and the latest Gallup poll (reported in the *London Daily Telegraph*, June 17) shows that 45 per cent of the electorate would vote Conservative right now, as against 25 per cent for Labor, 20 per cent for the new SDP, and 19 for the Liberals. And here, in America, those invidious comparisons between Margaret Thatcher and Ronald Reagan are dying unspoken on the tongues of the Opposition.

■ How to lose a war and then some: Argentina, with huge debts and an inflation rate estimated at 125 per cent, is planning to ditch the free market and turn to protectionism, meaning socialism, to avert bankruptcy. It will be interesting to see how long Argentina remains a net exporter of grain and meat.

■ The party is over for a group of Soviet citizens who recently founded an independent disarmament group designed to "complement the peace efforts" of the So-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Relax. Speculation that Henry Kissinger will be named by Ronald Reagan as a special Mideast envoy, to take up his shuttle diplomacy where he left off some years back, is for the birds. Not only would such an appointment put George Shultz under a bushel basket—or, better, a large banyan tree—it would set up massive unfriendly vibrations among the stalwarts of the New Right.

■ Elliot Richardson is troubled by the U.S. disavowal of the Law of the Sea Treaty and is collecting a bevy of UN types to protest that action. One unstated reason, incidentally, why the Administration rejected the package is the fear of setting a precedent for control by the United Nations of the division of the resources of outer space and the Antarctic, resources that will be far richer in the long run than those of the ocean beds.

■ Notwithstanding Leonid Brezhnev's earlier pledge not to deploy SS-20s for so long as the U.S. and NATO refrained from installing their SAMs, the Soviets recently emplaced 15 new SS-20s, with three warheads each, west of the Urals, a duplicity that has not been lost on the Reagan Administration or on Capitol Hill. The feeling in Washington is that an arms treaty will be a long time in the making because it is clear that without on-site inspection any treaty with the Soviets would not be worth the paper it is written on. And the Soviets are unlikely to agree to on-site verification.

■ Chrysler's $106.9-million profit for this year's second quarter is seen by the White House as proof positive that those companies whose unions cooperate with management to streamline costs and enhance productivity can become every bit as competitive as the Japanese, West Germans, or whoever. The Chrysler experience contradicts those who have been saying that import quotas and other artificial interferences in the market are the only way to save American industry. Labor and management are quite capable of working out their problems on their own and, happily, unions in other industries are following the Chrysler example, notably the airline, trucking, rubber, and meat workers. Watch for Reaganites to use Chrysler to preach that initiatives in the private sector are the true formula for economic revitalization.

■ The Capitol is still gasping over the high-voltage criticism leveled at Menachem Begin and Ariel Sharon by two of Israel's super-loyalists, Henry Jackson and Alan Cranston, on national television—which gives some feeling of the extent to which sentiment is moving away from Israel. Scoop Jackson felt Israel was wrong in not having consulted with the U.S. before invading Lebanon. Senator Cranston said that the use of cluster bombs was unconscionable and that if a motion to censure Israel were made in the Senate, he would vote for it. Increasingly, members of both Houses of Congress are drawing a line between Begin and Sharon, and the state of Israel. This permits criticism of certain Israeli actions without disturbing the image or reality of our commitment to Israel. Criticism from supporters like Jackson and Cranston would also affect the political position of Begin and Sharon more directly, by limiting the flow of funds to Israel. The U.S. Jewish community votes in Israel through the annual Israel bond drive, which yields an estimated half a billion dollars.

■ Washington diplomats see two basic courses open to Shultz at the State Department. One, he can surround himself with thirty or so top-drawer people (of the quality of Ken Dam) on the seventh floor, and formulate foreign-policy options with them in collaboration with the National Security Council at the White House and, to a lesser degree, with Weinberger and Co. at Defense, letting the rest of the State Department operate on automatic pilot as Henry Kissinger did. Or, he can try to turn the Department bureaucracy—with its worldwide prehensile outreaches—around, a task far more onerous than cleaning the Augean stables. Unlike Hercules, who succeeded in that labor, Shultz, it is believed here, would not only fail in the effort but, like his predecessor at State, be co-opted in the process. So the betting is that for the balance of this term Shultz will follow. Course One. If Reagan is re-elected, and Shultz remains at State, he might then attack the stables. —CATO

---

viet government. Russian police crashed the apartment of Sergei Batovrin and closed off further contact because of necessary "police activity." Only the Committee for the Defense of Peace, the state's 41-million-member creation, is allowed to disseminate information and hold discussions on the disarmament issue, the Kremlin explained. The night of the raid on Batovrin, June 13, the Soviet news agency, TASS, reported on the disarmament rally held in New York, described as a gesture of "resolute disagreement with the U.S. Government's policy of war preparations." Soviet officials have not commented on Batovrin's whereabouts.

■ Pope John Paul II has tactfully spurned an invitation to join the Soviet bloc's "peace movement." When presenting his credentials at the Vatican, the new Cuban envoy, Manuel Estévez Perez, called on the Pope to collaborate with Cuba in the struggle against the "destructive forces" that are leading humanity toward a "nuclear holocaust." The Cuban didn't name names and neither did the equally diplomatic Pope in his reply. Nevertheless his message came through. "Peace," he said, "cannot be obtained among communities and peoples unless the good to the individual person is guaranteed." Not a bad sermon for those who would ponder the fate of the earth while neglecting the fate of the individual.

■ The world's leading merchants of death are exceedingly ticked about reports of how easily the Israelis smashed their SAMs, MiG-21s, heavy tanks, and other hardware in Lebanon. Indeed, the Soviets are so angry that TASS actually mentioned the rout of Soviet arms and said it was exaggerated. For the Soviets, the stakes are enormous. Their arms sales, easily the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

largest in the world, and their second biggest export item, are a major source of desperately needed foreign exchange. When the Soviets' customers assimilate these reports, business is bound to suffer, adding new strains on the shaky Soviet economy and possibly forcing that country to invest in less bloodthirsty enterprises.

■ Inflation is out of control in France. The franc has been devalued twice and is dropping like a stone. Banks and major industries have been "nationalized." The government wants to institute wage-price controls that won't work either. President Mitterrand blames all the economic woes on the United States. He'd have a nice point there if only we had waited until he came to office to start making our own economic mistakes.

■ The Kremlin has placed on display several documents, including letters purportedly signed by Leonid Brezhnev, that pledge the Soviet Union to peace, liberty, and the dismantling of all its nuclear weapons. Infuriated Soviet officials call the documents "obvious and outrageous forgeries."

■ At midnight, June 30, the Equal Rights Amendment died and the income tax cut took effect. You can't turn the country around overnight, but you can try.

■ Everybody knows that if you lend out books or tools, you are not likely to get them back; everybody, that is, except the Pentagon, which finds it has lent $33 *billion* worth of tools and equipment to private contractors over the past thirty years, and has suddenly decided it wants them back. So far, it hasn't recovered any of them.

■ Mr. Michael Fagan, the Buckingham Palace intruder, explained to the court that his father was Rudolf Hess. It appears there've been security problems at Spandau, too.

■ The U.S. Center for Disease Control has, in all solemnity, issued a study concluding that abortion is slightly safer for mothers than childbirth (the difference is 8.4 deaths per 100,000), while neglecting to mention that birth is significantly safer for babies than abortion (the difference is about 98,800 deaths per 100,000).

■ The nation's last 450 hand-crank telephones are being taken out of service. Nowadays, crank calls are automated.

■ The PLO calls "ridiculous" the U.S. offer to escort them alive out of West Beirut. We agree.

The New Sharpies

They came with yen and hoped to leave
With software secrets up a sleeve,
Which in the days of Pooh-Bah meant
A clandestine event well spent.
But sleeves are less capacious now
And modern G-men don't kow-tow
To Orientals wearing smiles
Who practice hoochie-koochie wiles.
The worry is, with flags unfurled,
The Yankees used to con the world.

W. H. VON DREELE

Senator Dole's Tax Increase

If Senator Dole absolutely must give us the biggest peacetime tax increase in history, he should at least call it by its right name. Instead of speaking in one breath of "last year's tax reduction and this year's revenue raising" (*Wall Street Journal*, July 12), he should speak of last year's tax reduction and this year's tax increase. Instead of describing his Senate Finance Committee's tax hike as a "first step" toward a flat-rate tax, Dole should openly admit that it would make tax rates less flat by making higher earners bear even more of the tax burden than they do now.

The semantic by-play is unlikely to impose on many readers; the *Washington Post* has already one-upped Dole in the euphemism department, anyway, by referring to the tax hike not as a "revenue-raising" but as a "deficit-reduction" measure. The attempt to profit from conservative sympathy for a flat-rate tax is more serious. It would be a fine idea to get rid of both high marginal tax rates and the deductions and exemptions that shield taxpayers from bearing the full brunt of those rates. If a flat-rate tax ever comes about, it will be through what might be called a hostage exchange: the Internal Revenue Service will get the wiping out of deductions that it pines for, while taxpayers will gain the assurance that overall rates will not be too onerous. But moving to scuttle the deductions without lowering the rates necessarily leaves the taxpayer worse off.

The reverse would be far more sensible: lowering tax rates itself renders the most wasteful tax shelters unprofitable and proportionately lessens the importance of deductions in general.

What must really be embarrassing to the Finance Committee's supporters is how few genuine "loopholes" the tax laws turned out to contain. For years we have been told that the IRS code is honeycombed with unjustified and even unintended gaps brazenly exploited by big business and the other interests responsible for all human misery. But after what the *Washington Post* and *New York Times* praised as a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

concerted effort to close the loopholes, Dole and his colleagues came up with very little. There were preferences aplenty, of course, but most either had the backing of some huge group of voters (mortgage interest) or were defended on grounds of policy or equity (charitable deductions, casualty losses). So the Committee had to raise revenue by resorting to taxes on telephones, airports, cigarettes, Medicare, unemployment, and so on. It also cracked down on things like under-reporting of tip income, which is already illegal (and thus not a "loophole") and which past Congresses have wisely judged is not worth the paperwork and intrusiveness needed to suppress. Hardly any of the Committee's 24 tax increases repair any real "loopholes," in the original sense of flukes that Congress never intended.

A political footnote. Undoubtedly the worst parts of the Dole package are those bearing down on individuals, especially the withholding on interest and dividends and the provisions on tipping. According to Timothy Clark's account in *National Journal*, these were the very provisions that Democrats opposed in committee. As the GOP abandons its historic defense of the taxpayer, the Democrats may be moving to fill the gap.

There Ought to Be a Law

On patriotic holidays
Our legislators love a phrase
Describing ghastly fiscal fits
Brought on by voting deficits.
But when it's time again to pack
And voters murmur, "Y'all come back,"
Our solons can't resist the yen
To spend like crazy once again.
That's why we need a budget bill
For drunken sailors on the Hill.

W. H. VON DREELE

Shanghai II, Round One

Shanghai II—so-called after the Shanghai Communiqué of 1972, by which Richard Nixon ratified his *mariage de convenance* with Chairman Mao—has been deflected, for the time being. The State Department had prepared a draft (see also "On the Right," July 23) recognizing Taiwan as a province of China, and announcing that at some unspecified time, American sales of armaments to the Taiwanese would, accordingly, cease. The draft worked its way up the hierarchy to the President, who sent it back—and assured Senator Goldwater, in the presence of Vice President Bush, that he would accept no cut-off date for arms sales.

The movement to draw away from Taiwan proceeds with the acquiescence of liberals, who have no use (except in time capsules) for Taiwan-style anti-Communism. Its active proponents, however, are Realpolitikers, who argue that we need China's continuing good graces to keep the Soviets preoccupied; that we cannot keep China's good graces so long as we hang on to a cold-war souvenir like Taiwan; and that Taiwan must therefore be shaken off. Henry Jackson, a subscriber to this line of thinking, has promised to fight in the Senate any new plans to sell Taipei weapons.

The Realpolitik model has too much going for it to just disappear: it sounds tough, it's too clever by half, and it lets other people do our threatening for us. But the Administration, at the highest levels, is not buying. George Shultz is known to have friendly feelings for Taiwan—unlike his predecessor, Alexander Haig, who helped shepherd Shanghai II along. President Reagan, in a letter to Mrs. William Loeb, Publisher of the *Manchester Union-Leader*, wrote: "I'm not turning my back on Taiwan, and, other than a few State Department types [the former Secretary of State?], no one is trying to push me that way."

Until round two, the President could defuse some of the "State Department types" by adopting a suggestion of Henry Kissinger's. The next time we sell arms to Taiwan, don't tell Peking. They will find out, of course, and they won't be happy. But if it's not rubbed in their faces, they won't have to throw a public tantrum. That way, Taiwan remains secure, Peking stays in *our* good graces, and we—do not turn our backs.

Potemkin Peace Walks

Soviet authorities kinda liked the idea of three hundred Scandinavian women "walking for peace" from Stockholm to Moscow. But first, of course, the Soviets wanted to vet the posters they would carry. No, the poster protesting the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan would not do, nor the one protesting Soviet nuclear tests. Then the Soviets said they'd like to send a number of "advisors" along (you could pick them out—the husky gents lurking around the fringes). Then the Soviets decreed that the only members of the press to be invited to join the cortege once it got into Soviet territory would be foreign correspondents resident in the Soviet Union. Then the Soviets decided it would be better—more practical, you know—if the marching ladies took a train from Helsinki to Leningrad and on. Oh yes, and finally, the KGB picked up the only two genuine Soviet peaceniks still at large in Moscow and threw them in the pokey lest they try to greet Peace March '82.

Stick around. Next week's *Daily World* will bring us the heartwarming story of the arrival of Peace

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

March '82 in Moscow and how the peaceful citizens of Muscovy embraced them to their bosoms and swore eternal friendship with them and warned them against the imperialist warmongers . . .

PLO and Friends

Israel's lightning pounce into Lebanon sent the PLO and its allies reeling back in such haste that they left behind files that reveal what has long been known but never so conclusively proved: that the PLO is part of a Soviet-orchestrated international terrorist network. Documents seized in Tyre tell of "comrades" from Malawi, South Africa, El Salvador, Haiti, and Turkey either arriving for, or completing, training in PLO camps in southern Lebanon. Others, seized in Sidon, identify PLO officers who attended military schools in Russia, China, Cuba, and Algeria.

One PLO officer, Abu Amar, reports that he told Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko in Moscow in 1979 that only Syria and Iraq among the Moslem states could be "depended on" for ongoing help. Amar also mentions a Ramsey Clark visit to a PLO camp following an Israeli raid. ("What was done here was a crime," said Clark.) Incidentally, nearly half of the six thousand PLO troops seized in the first couple of weeks were not Palestinians, according to Israeli intelligence, which is still trying to sort out how many of the "mercenaries" signed on for political reasons and how many simply because it meant three square meals a day. Other considerations aside, the wealth of intelligence material discovered in Lebanon is a major gain for the West.

Will and Weapons

The chance conjunction of two events, one small, one large, highlights an old question: What is the difference between a weapon and a broomstick?

The small event is the conclusion of the Falklands War. Wars are schools for military planners, and after the spectacular incineration of the *HMS Sheffield*, it seemed that the chief lesson of the Falklands fighting would be the necessity for a state-of-the-art arsenal: *Star Trek III—The Wrath of Exocet.* But as the war dragged on and the troops finally came to grips, it became evident that gadgetry, however necessary, was not sufficient. The British prevailed, as they have so often, on discipline and doggedness. The Argentinians, numerically superior, but badly trained and badly led, crumpled like paper.

The big event was the orgy of opposition to American nuclear preparedness. As the internal contradictions of the freeze movement become apparent, America undoubtedly will elect to keep itself armed. Conservatives, who have watched with dismay the deterioration of our military position since the Nixon years, can be glad of that.

But we should not rest on our gladness. From 1945 till 1970, America was astonishingly well armed—in terms of the rest of the world, overwhelmingly so. Our nuclear advantage throughout the period was considerable; at the outset, absolute. Our industrial plant, our technological savvy, were unsurpassed.

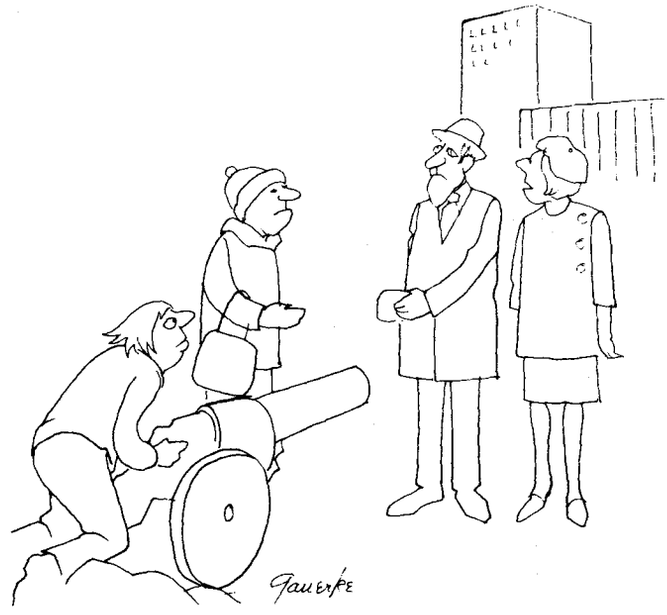
The Soviets, naturally, knew this; but they seemed strangely undeterred by it all. In the era of American material pre-eminence, they ingested Eastern Europe, tore up the Monroe Doctrine, and armed to parity —since achieving which, they have been even more frisky.

The difference between a broomstick and a weapon is, of course, nothing—depending on who wields the weapon. If America brings no more strategic and political intelligence to bear on the Soviet problem than it did when we were Number One, then the ultimate collapse of the unilateralist movement will leave us no better off in the long run than all our firepower did then.

Stop Them! Stop Them!

In an editorial unexpectedly harsh but, perhaps for that reason, revealing, the *New York Times* came out against local initiative and private higher education.

The circumstances are as follows. Responding to cuts in federal aid to students, Dartmouth College came up with a state-level solution. It entered into an arrangement with the New Hampshire Higher Educational and Health Facilities Authority to issue a bond backed by the college's credit. Interest on the bond is tax-exempt, making it a desirable investment; the col-



"Don't look so blue, Alfred. Banning handguns was only a first step."

LICENSED-TO-UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Get it Free!

Bill Rusher's act of treachery—giving away the house secrets—may make him rich and famous. At home, we will treat him like the Rosenbergs.

—WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

If you have ever come away from an argument feeling frustrated, this is the book for you!

Like it or not you always find yourself getting into discussions and arguments; it seems impossible to avoid nowadays. Don't you really owe it to yourself to learn how to handle such situations — how to argue and win?

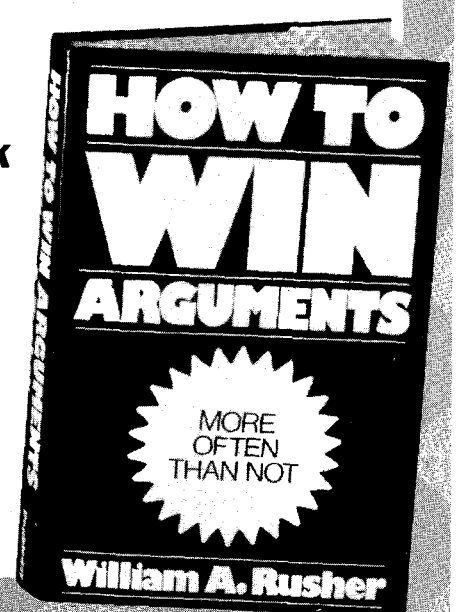
Sound difficult? Not when you have *How to Win Arguments* handy. This practical and highly entertaining book is written by William A. Rusher (National Review's publisher). Rusher, a professional arguer *par excellence*, is eminently qualified to show *you* how to do it well.

You've probably seen him in action on TV's "The Advocate," "Good Morning America," or other shows, and marvelled at his effectiveness. No one seems able to put him down. At the very least he's going to give as good as he gets even when defending positions popularly assumed to be indefensible. Now in *How to Win Arguments*, Rusher lets you in on the trade secrets and shows you how to acquire the skills and techniques necessary to hold your own in any argument or discussion.

This is not a treatise full of technical jargon — it's an enjoyable, informal guide to clear thinking. It covers all the basics from how to prepare for an argument to how to handle yourself under fire to how to allow for individual strengths and styles. There's even a fascinating chapter filled with advice from other expert debaters such as William F. Buckley, Jr., Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Kenneth Galbraith, and Phyllis Schlafly. As the book jacket says it is indeed an ". . . entertaining and comprehensive guide to the techniques, rhetorical devices, and principles of successful argumentation." No argument there.

Right now, with this special offer, you have the opportunity to get this valuable book (a $10.95 retail value) FREE and postpaid. All you have to do is enter a subscription to *National Review* (or renew your current one, no matter when it expires) for one year at the regular $26 rate. Simply check your instructions on the handy card opposite, and return it to us today. We'll send you your FREE copy of *How to Win Arguments* as fast as we can and you'll start getting NR hot off the press too. Offer is limited, so please act now.

To get this valuable book fill out and mail the card opposite this page today!



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lege will use the proceeds for student loans, on which the interest will be 12 per cent, substantially below the market rate.

Whereupon the *Times* went editorially berserk. *Washington is losing control.* "No private organization, not even ones as worthy as Dartmouth and other colleges, have the right to appropriate such subsidy for themselves." Almost every word in that sentence is worth scrutiny, with special attention to "private" and "subsidy," the latter having reference to the tax-exempt status of the bonds in question; i.e., the Federal Government's *not taking* this portion of the taxpayers' own money constitutes a "subsidy." But, going on: "Also, private borrowing leaves to state and college officials the crucial decisions about who benefits from taxpayer subsidies [*sic*]. Although Dartmouth intends to use the $12 million it raised only for needy students whom Uncle Sam turns down, state and college officials could hand out cheap loans according to any standard they wish."

Clearly intolerable, from the *Times*'s perspective, the assumption being that state and private officials are potentially irresponsible to a degree absent in the federal bureaucracy. The *Times* angrily urged Congress to slam the door on these nefarious activities.

Dartmouth's new president, David McLaughlin, replied in a letter to the editor, a reply possessing a good deal of philosophic depth. The *Times* editorial "fails to recognize both the essential role of private institutions in America's system of higher education and the basic principle of the right of our states to issue tax-exempt securities for public-purpose undertakings. . . . New Hampshire and several other states have recognized the need for the availability of additional financial-aid resources for students; they have also perceived the fairness of allowing private colleges and universities access to the same source of capital for their loan programs—the tax-exempt-securities market *—that public educational institutions draw upon.* [Emphasis added.] . . . New Hampshire is proud of its resourcefulness. The fact that it has responded to the Administration's call for local initiatives . . . is hardly a 'dodge.' "

At one level, this argument is about raising some money for student loans; but it is also about state-federal relationships and about the survival of private higher education in its competition with public higher education. The *Times* emitted a loud socialist growl, and was stingingly rebuked.

Good Show, Phyllis

Let it be said at once that Phyllis Schlafly is one of the most remarkable women in American history. It will not be said as often as it should be; certainly not in the ideologically engineered textbooks, full of "positive images" of women, that will be used in the NEA-dominated public schools. She has triumphed over the major media, the bureaucrats (and bureaucrettes), and the "women's movement," almost single-handedly. ERA is dead.

It was not a "defeat for equal rights." It was a defeat for those who wanted to give the judiciary a mandate to define "equal rights" *ad libitum* outside the political process. Those who accuse Phyllis Schlafly of "playing to people's worst fears" neglect to point out that the judiciary's improvisations on the First, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Eighth, Ninth, and Fourteenth Amendments have often justified those fears.

At a post-ERA tribute to Mrs. Schlafly, Reed Irvine of Accuracy in Media pointed out that the press for once was devoting most of its attention to the losers' locker room, not the winners'. And indeed the media are doing their utmost to turn the defeat, if not into a victory, at least into a promise of victory down the road.

The fact remains that all future feminist victories will have to be won more or less honestly. William Brennan, Thurgood Marshall, and Harry Blackmun won't be there to put their hands on the scales of justice.

Meanwhile the media are waving poll results suggesting that women vote differently from men (i.e., more to the left). Consciousness-raising, don't you see. It may be so for the time being. The "women's movement" may have persuaded some women that war, peace, and snail darters are all "women's issues."

But it will be hard to keep women voting as a compact bloc. In the voting booth, after all, they are still individuals, required, like men, to weigh the competing claims of many issues. In the modern world, consciousness is only truly raised when it is differentiated.

Yes, the movement is still around. But so is Phyllis Schlafly. We'll take those odds any day.

Reunion in Pugwash

Long ago and far away, the first Pugwash Conference was held . . . place called Pugwash, Nova Scotia . . . inspired by Bertrand Russell and Albert Einstein, and sponsored by fellow-traveling industrialist Cyrus Eaton (who was born in Pugwash). The idea was to gather peaceloving scientists from East and West to discuss disarmament. In the words of the *New York Times*, the 1957 and succeeding Pugwash meetings "helped lay the groundwork for the Nuclear Test Ban Treaty of 1963, the United Nations-sponsored treaty to ban the spread of nuclear weapons, and the 1969 convention outlawing biological weapons," famous victories all. But some discretion was necessary: "In 1960 the scientists split with their patron, Mr. Eaton, fearing that his close personal ties to the Soviet leadership imperiled their neutrality in the East-West conflict."

Today, however, peace is in the air, and on the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

weekend of July 16-18 there was a reunion at Pugwash: "A group of 35 arms-control specialists, disarmament activists, and scientists" gathered there to "celebrate the 25th anniversary of the proceedings and pay tribute to Mr. Eaton, who died in 1979." The peace movement continues to creep out of the closet.

Igor Gouzenko, R I P

Igor Gouzenko died as quietly as he lived the last 37 years of his life. His one moment in the world spotlight came in 1945 when he left his job as a code clerk in the Soviet embassy in Ottawa, bringing with him a bundle of papers from the office—109 documents proving the existence of a massive Soviet espionage network in Canada and the United States. Primarily because of the information Gouzenko provided, Allan Nunn May, a British nuclear physicist, and Klaus Fuchs, a German-born scientist, were imprisoned for smuggling Western atomic secrets to the Soviet Union. Gouzenko also passed on to the FBI something that he had been told by a colleague in the Ottawa mission: a Soviet agent had penetrated the upper reaches of the State Department. Gouzenko thus confirmed what another Communist defector—Whittaker Chambers—had told a previously unbelieving FBI. Gouzenko's revelations served to dispel many of the doubts the FBI had about Chambers and prompted it to train its attention instead upon the high-ranking official, Alger Hiss.

Having forever sundered his ties with the land of his birth, Gouzenko lived the rest of his life in Canada, constantly haunted by the fear that the Soviets would someday exact their revenge. He never appeared for public interviews without a hood over his head, and he spent the final years of his life living under an assumed name in Toronto.

Fittingly, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police gave no details of his death, saying only that he had been buried. Survivors include the former high-ranking official of the State Department, who, in the years since 1945, has been in many ways a far freer man than Igor Gouzenko.

Granville Hicks, R I P

The literary critic and editor Granville Hicks, intelligent and able, was all but ruined intellectually by the always destructive (as Nietzsche saw it) power of guilt. A native of Exeter, N.H., he graduated from Harvard in 1923 after a brilliant undergraduate career, and in due course began teaching at Smith. In 1934 he joined the Communist Party because "I could not help seeing that I was enjoying privileges of which the majority of my fellow citizens were deprived."

His magnum opus, *The Great Tradition: An Interpretation of American Literature since the Civil War* (1933) was deeply flawed by a Marxist perspective that was rooted in that uncriticized and unresisted guilt. Though the book was virtually canonical college reading for a decade or more, it is today a period piece: Hicks mechanically applied his economic categories to disparate authors and works, succeeding only in flattening the terrain and rendering the interesting boring.

He broke with the Party over the Hitler-Stalin pact, taught at Harvard, New York University, and elsewhere, and remained active as an editor and author. The emotional shadow of his earlier "proletarian" phase remained, though his preoccupations were less political. He died at eighty, at a nursing home in Franklin Park, N.J., a casualty, in his intellectual aspect, of the vicissitudes of the twentieth century.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Bill:

The citation for between/among, "See Fowler, second edition, page 57" ["Notes & Asides," March 19], is not to be found in my 1952 edition of Fowler, and I'm glad.

Sviokla gets my vote.

"*Between* the five Great Powers there existed a . . . etc."? C'mon, admit it makes you feel uncomfortable.

Yours,
Howard [Hunt]
Miami, Fla.

Dear Howard:

"**between** is a sadly ill-treated word; the point on which care is most necessary is that numbered 6. 1. *B. and among*. 2. *B. you and I*. 3. *B. each, every*. 4. *B. . . . and b*. 5. *Difference b*. 6. *B. . . . or* etc.

"1. *B. and among*. The OED gives a warning against the superstition that *b.* can be used only of the relationship between two things, and that if there are more *among* is the right preposition. 'In all senses *between* has been, from its earliest appearance, extended to more than two. . . . It is still the only word available to express the relation of a thing to many surrounding things severally and individually; *among* expresses a relation to them collectively and vaguely: we should not say *the space lying among the three points* or *a treaty among three Powers*.' But the superstition dies hard." Cordially, Bill

■ Dear Bill:

I wish here to discuss the term *quantum*. I have re-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cently seen a number of references in the nontechnical literature to quantum steps, quantum jumps, quantum leaps. The authors used these scientific terms metaphorically with respect to all sorts of diverse things: political influence, economics, military balance of power. Most scientific terms are themselves metaphors, but their meanings have usually been rather precisely defined so that they stand on their own conceptual feet without reference to the underlying metaphorical picture. The danger lies in using a term which is itself a metaphor to form another metaphor not very similar to the original denotation and connotation.

The concept of quantum jump, or leap, or step derives from the Rutherford-Bohr atom, or rather that model of the atom. Let me use the simplest atom, the hydrogen atom, to illustrate.

The hydrogen atom is composed of a nucleus of a single proton—with unit positive electrical charge—and an orbiting electron—with unit negative electrical charge. The atom as a whole is thus electrically neutral. The proton is several times as massive as the electron. The model pictures the proton as being stationary while the electron circles rather rapidly around it. The earth-moon system is a good analogy. The unlike charges pull the two particles toward each other. The electron is kept from falling into the nucleus by the centrifugal force of the circling motion. The system is stable whenever the attracting force and the centrifugal force are exactly equal.

. . . [Thus] when the electron moves from an orbit of higher energy to one of lower (or vice versa) it does not do so continuously. The electron at no time occupies a position intermediate between the two orbits. It simply disappears at one position and reappears at the other, at the same time emitting a photon of light. It does not move even very rapidly from one orbit to the other; it has no physical existence in between. The electron makes a quantum jump.

The point of all this is that it is logically improper to apply the terms "quantum jump," "quantum step," "quantum leap" to any continuous process no matter how sudden or rapid was the movement between the two states.

Thus, the population of a country or region cannot make a quantum jump no matter how rapidly it increases—unless, of course, the Creator intervenes and creates a lot of new people from the chaos.

On the other hand, I suppose it would be proper to say that the art of warfare took a quantum leap upon the dropping of the first atomic bomb—or at some reference time about that moment, depending on your view of when the discontinuity in the art occurred.

The essence of a quantum jump is a nothing-in-betweenness. Strictly speaking, in the world of macroevents there is never any quantum jump. In that macroworld, no matter how sudden or drastic the change, there always exists some set of equations which describe the *continuous* transition from the one state of the system to the other. In the macroworld, every intermediate state is occupied in turn, no matter how rapidly it is passed through. It is only in the microworld of the subatomic particle where quantum mechanics rules that something can disappear and reappear elsewhere without having to be somewhere in between at some time.

I have not seen any of these expressions in your own writing, but I have seen them four or five times in NATIONAL REVIEW in the last three or four months. And of course I have seen them even more often in the newspapers. *Soi-disant* journalists are given to stretching for a colorful expression without having any firm idea what the term means or where it derived from. (I have often thought that every School of Journalism has a freshman course called Ignorance I. Newspaper and TV reporters could not have got so ignorant without some course credits to prove it.) I believe the last time I saw "quantum leap" in NATIONAL REVIEW it was in John P. Roche's column.

I thought you might be interested in this.

Regards,
Bill Woods
Oak Ridge, Tenn.

Dear Bill: Aha! That cracks one of Zeno's paradoxes, does it not? The moving object reaches the end of its course *not* by the philosophically impossible task of successively halving the intervening distance, but—by a quantum jump! So—to get it straight—when Abbott throws a pie at Costello, it reaches Costello by quantum leap. Thanks. Warm regards, Bill

■ Memo to: WFB
From: Linda
Re: Life imitating art

Since Chris Simonds, in his profile of Joe Sobran in the June 25 issue, gave top billing to Joe's desk, I thought it would be great fun to illustrate the article with that old *Shoe* cartoon (by Jeff MacNelly) that shows "The Perfesser" writing a memo to his editor. "My desk," the memo reads, "is an intricate system of archives and reference material, which has proven to be a valuable resource in our day-to-day journalistic tasks. Therefore, my desk and I would both appreciate it very much if you would . . . stop referring to us as 'a compost heap of information.'"

There was only one catch: my copy of that four-year-old cartoon was—somewhere in or around *my* desk.

However, after a long and dusty search, I did find it (along with all manner of interesting other things), and our readers were able to enjoy it. And as for me and my desk, you may call us a compost heap of information any day.

—WFB

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now, with trial membership in The History Book Club, you can receive Allan Nevins' epic eight-volume study, *The Ordeal of the Union*, for only $12, instead of the $200 publisher's list price.

Spanning the most fateful period in our history, 1847-1865, *The Ordeal of the Union* is the masterwork of a great historian and Pulitzer Prize winner. In these monumental volumes, Allan Nevins delves into every aspect of American life, creating a vivid panorama of a time when our survival hung precariously in the balance.

All eight volumes are yours for a mere $12 when you choose one more book from the titles listed at right.

Last year, our members saved an average of 33% off publishers' prices. These kinds of savings on books covering the entire history of man can easily be yours. Join the Club today.

Membership Benefits. A membership account will be opened for you, to which your purchases will be charged at the low members' prices. You need pay only after you have received your books. A postage-and-packing fee is added to each shipment.

Every four weeks (13 times a year) you will receive our *Review* containing descriptions of new and recent selections. If you want the Editors' Choice, do nothing; it will be sent automatically. If you want another book, or no book at all, return the card by the date specified. If you should receive an unwanted book because you had less than ten days to decide, you may return it and pay nothing. We guarantee postage.

Start membership today with any of these books at the low members' price.

(First price is publisher's list. **Boldface** is members' price.)

2972. **Mary Chesnut's Civil War.** *Edited By C. Van Woodward.* A definitive version of this classic Civil War diary. $29.95/**$19.95**

3228. **Grant: A Biography.** *By William S. McFeely.* $19.95/**$12.95**

3970. **At Dawn We Slept: The Untold Story Of Pearl Harbor.** *By Gordon W. Prange.* $22.95/**$14.95**

4507. **Death March: The Survivors Of Bataan.** *By Donald Knox.* $19.95/**$12.95**

5082. **The Murder Of Napoleon.** *By Ben Weider And David Hapgood.* $14.95/**$10.95**

5462. **The Celts: The People Who Came Out Of The Darkness.** *By Gerhard Herm.* $12.50/**$8.50**

5652. **The Twelve Caesars.** *By Michael Grant.* $15.95/**$10.95**

8284. **The Devil's Horsemen: The Mongol Invasion Of Europe.** *By James Chambers.* $11.95/**$8.95**

5967. **The Civil War Dictionary.** *By Mark M. Boatner III.* Contains some 4,000 entries, including descriptions of weapons, politics and disputes. $25.00/**$17.50**

4721. **Attack And Die: Civil War Military Tactics And The Southern Heritage.** *By Grady McWhiney And Perry D. Jamieson.* $17.95/**$12.95**

The History Book Club

40 Guernsey Street, Box 790, Stamford, CT 06904

Please enroll me as a trial member and send me the $200, 8-volume set (#4259) *The Ordeal of the Union*, plus the book I've chosen from the list of Club selections:

Book # ☐

Bill the set at $12, and my other book at the low members' price, plus postage-and-packing. I may return the books within three weeks at your expense and owe nothing. Or, I will buy four more selections within the next two years (*not counting my choices above*). Membership is cancellable anytime thereafter. All Club purchases are at the low members' prices, and a postage-and-packing fee is added to all shipments. NV-97NQ

Print name_____

Address_____ Apt. #____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

In Canada: Mail to U.S. address

N82B

THIS IS ALLAN NEVINS' CIVIL WAR. YOURS FOR $12 INSTEAD OF $200.

(with trial membership)

THE WAR FOR THE UNION
The Organized War to Victory 1864-1865
THE WAR FOR THE UNION
The Organized War 1863-1864
THE WAR FOR THE UNION
War Becomes Revolution 1862-1863
THE WAR FOR THE UNION
The Improvised War 1861-1862
THE EMERGENCE OF LINCOLN
Prologue to Civil War 1859-1861
THE EMERGENCE
Douglas, Buchanan, and Party Chaos 1857-1859
ORDEAL OF THE UNION
A House Dividing 1852-1857
ORDEAL OF T
Fruits of Manifest Destiny 1847-1852

Battle of Gettysburg, by Thomas Nast

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FROM

Washington Straight

JOHN McLAUGHLIN

Summer Potpourri

WHEN Margaret Heckler (R., Mass.) called for a special prosecutor to probe the drug/buggery scandal on Capitol Hill, folksy Tip O'Neill said that if congressmen don't trust the House to investigate itself, "then they ought to get the hell out." Tip's testiness is said to stem from the fact that his Speakership is doomed. He apparently has known about both sets of allegations for quite some time, and concluded that the best way to deal with them was by temporizing. Now a lot of his colleagues want him "to get the hell out," and turn the Speaker's chair over to Majority Leader Wright, or Majority Whip Foley, or Budget Chairman Jones, or Ways and Means Chairman Rostenkowski. The double scandal has probably moved up by two years the battle to succeed O'Neill. Every cloud has a silver lining.

The press has shown an unaccustomed and admirable restraint in withholding the names of the accused, but that restraint will shortly yield to intense pressure to make them public since, absent that publication, all incumbents are suspect, and thereby politically endangered in an election year.

■ August dog days are hardly upon us and the GOP is already showing signs of political rabies. Latest symptom: yet another TV ad campaign, this time to convince the electorate that Ronald Reagan stood alone against the multitude who would deny old folks the 7.4 per cent cost-of-living increase (COLA) in Social Security benefits. The ad portrays a cracker-barrel, grandfatherly (well beyond mandatory retirement age) postman on his suburban rounds, with Social Security checks in his satchel, announcing that President Reagan "promised that raise and he kept his promise in spite of those sticks-in-the-mud who tried to keep him from doing what we elected him to do."

The duplicities here are so big you don't need a sieve to catch them. A hairnet will do. Now, technically the President did say, at the time of the '81 budget, that the adjustment was untouchable—and then he let David Stockman float the idea of a COLA cut. But what sort of exegesis can we make for "sticks-in-the-mud"? Others who favored the cut include conservative economists and politicians who think, rightly, that Social Security is over-indexed. Because of COLA, its benefits have gone up at a faster rate than wages—an inequitable state of affairs to say the least. As for keeping the President "from doing what we elected him to do," wasn't Ronald Reagan, as a responsible conservative, elected to put Social Security on a sound financial footing? You figure it out.

■ Paradox of the season: It was Al Haig, the inveterate Europeanist, who drove a wedge between us and them with his pro-Israel, anti-PLO stance. Haig was thus at variance with the European community and particularly the French, who are working hard here in Washington, at the UN, and in foreign capitals to disengage the PLO from its military defeat in West Beirut, believing that a totally crushed PLO will lead to a recrudescence of virulent terrorism, and the dismemberment of Lebanon into Moslem and Christian fiefdoms: the former under Syrian/Soviet control, the latter under Israeli/U.S. control. On the basis of his confirmation hearings, George Shultz, while less a Europeanist than Haig, seems to see the Lebanese crisis more their way.

■ The just-concluded term of the Supreme Court was one of the most liberal in a decade. It foreclosed state policies that frown on forced busing, fostered open-ended legal doctrines that will prompt legions of antitrust and regulatory lawsuits to the detriment of business enterprise, interpreted civil-rights laws extravagantly, and ordered Texas to educate the children of illegal aliens. This liberal lurch of the High Court is further evidence that the Court lacks a stable jurisprudential anchorage and is cast about at the mercy of any prevailing wind.

Justice Harry Blackmun was a particular disappointment. A Nixon appointee who voted conservative in his early High Court years, Blackmun now has swung over to the liberal William Brennan/Thurgood Marshall bloc (which also usually includes J. Paul Stevens). Byron White and Lewis Powell are swing voters—too often, these days, swinging left.

The main solace of the term is the performance of Sandra Day O'Connor, who voted consistently with conservatives Warren Burger and William Rehnquist. Besides a lucidity of thought and expression, Justice O'Connor exhibited remarkable independence of judgment for a freshman.

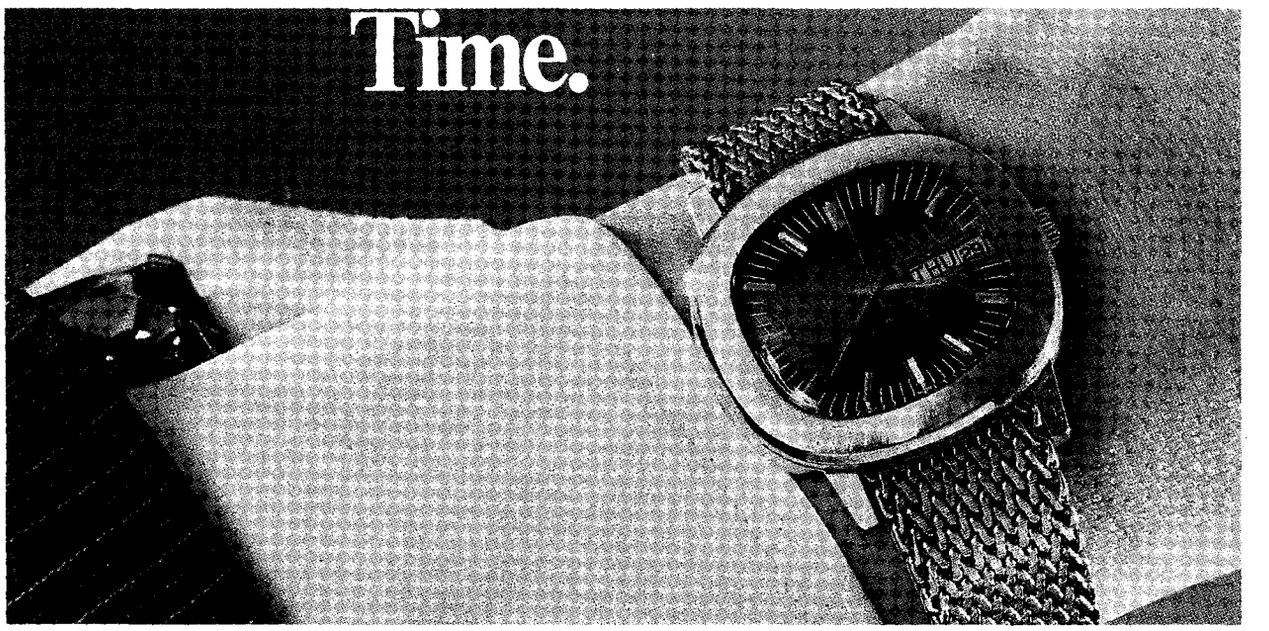
Recall that a year ago right-wing purists were inconsolable over this appointment. Now, in Justice O'Connor, they have someone on the Court who, when the majority votes to narrow the range of crimes for which states can impose the death penalty, argues to expand the range to include not only persons who actually commit a murder but those who assist in it. Justice O'Connor is also emerging as the states' rights champion on the Supreme Court, which should come as no surprise since she was professionally groomed in Arizona as a Sagebrush Rebel.

The sharp leftward cant of the Supreme Court underscores the need for Ronald Reagan to fill Circuit and District Court vacancies with judges who are rooted in a commitment to judicial modesty, and are able to persuade their too numerous left-leaning brethren of the virtue of such restraint.

■ Ronald Reagan recently went to Baltimore to plump for the New Federalism. High atop the World Trade Center overlooking Baltimore Harbor and, beyond it, the Atlantic, the President peered through the high-powered, coin-operated binoculars. Reporters asked him what he saw. "The Russians are coming," he replied unblinkingly—which has to be the perfect comic riposte, considering what Reagan stands for, and how the press perceives him. If Dutch can get off about three more of those between now and November of '84, he'll be a shoo-in, regardless of the economy. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

China Airlines nonstop flights to Taipei and Tokyo give you something you can't buy:



And a lot more:

Hours are gold when you travel...

and we save you almost a full working day to Taipei from San Francisco or Los Angeles. In Japan you can get to your hotel 1½ hours sooner because we land at the more convenient Haneda airport.

The extras are free in Coach!

Extras like cocktails, movies and stereo headsets are **free** on China Airlines. And, you can choose between delectable Chinese or Western meals.

So always fly China Airlines to the Orient, it's such a pleasant way to save time.

For flight information, call your travel agent or the China Airlines office nearest you.

Chicago (312) 427-2940
Cleveland (216) 777-7510
Denver (303) 936-6929
Honolulu (808) 536-6951
Houston (713) 965-0474/5
Los Angeles (213) 624-1161
Miami (305) 235-4887
New York (212) 581-0950
Phoenix (602) 991-1555
San Diego (714) 436-9225
San Francisco (415) 391-3950
Washington D.C. (202) 833-1760

Call TOLL FREE: 800-227-5118 • In California: 800-652-1428

中華航空公司
CHINA AIRLINES
Flag Carrier of the Republic of China

Washington, D.C., New York, Chicago, Houston, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Honolulu

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Lebanese Tragedy

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

THE TRUTH is always, it seems, an early casualty of war, and competing versions of the truth have been on offer for Israel's invasion of Lebanon as they were when the British were driving the Argentinians out of the Falklands. On all counts, however, the *mis*information purveyed by the Argentine junta was amateurish stuff, mainly damaging to its own side, compared with the professional *dis*information of Israel's enemies.

The discrepancies have been so huge as to strain credibility at either end of the spectrum. Unfortunately for Israel her enemies got in first. So we read of ten thousand dead in the early bombardment of Beirut, and 600,000 homeless in the area of military action. Those were the figures reluctantly accepted at face value in high quarters in Washington when I was there the other day.

Since then, the figure for the homeless (as disseminated by the disinformers) came down from 600,000 to 300,000, and then to seventy thousand. According to the Israelis, the actual figure was around twenty thousand and included many people who were persuaded by the Israelis to leave their homes for their own safety.

As for the dead, the Israelis declined to issue figures for areas they did not control (such as, while these lines were being written, West Beirut). But the bodies they had counted at that point in Tyre came to 56 (compared with an initial Israeli estimate of fifty); and 256 in Sidon, against an original estimate of four hundred.

The Arab World?

TV cameramen, those collective merchants of untruth of our day, were seen training their cameras on ruins from previous wars, easily identified as such by the weeds growing between the areas of rubble. Some articles and letters in the more "serious" papers were comparing the Jews with the Nazis, and "genocide" was found to be a handy label. Thus are political myths created. (And I hope I am not contributing to one right now.)

Meanwhile, longer-lasting political myths were being destroyed all around. One was the myth of the PLO as a powerful military force; another was that of Arab solidarity with the PLO; yet another, the vision of the Soviet Union as protector of the Arabs.

It soon became clear that the PLO, even after years of Soviet training and the provision of Soviet weaponry, had remained merely a terrorist force, capable of no higher level of military activity than guerrilla skirmishes or ambushes. As for Arab solidarity, not one of the Arab nations lifted a finger to help the Palestinian organization.

The most interesting reaction was the Soviet. On June 14, the Soviet press issued a solemn warning to the Israelis to desist, or else . . . By then, all the major Israeli objectives had been attained. Nor was the "or else" specified. I was reminded of B&K brandishing rockets against the British and French at the tail-end of the fouled-up Suez expedition in 1956, when Anthony Eden had already caved in under political pressure from Dulles. Does this muted Soviet reaction signify anything in terms of the gerontocracy in the Kremlin? Does it tell us anything about the state of Leonid Brezhnev's arteries? Hard to say. And yet, two clear instruments of Soviet foreign policy were being either destroyed (the PLO) or seriously damaged (Syria's forces in Lebanon).

None of this, alas, means that there is no Lebanese tragedy. There is, and there was before Begin sent in his armed forces. It began ten years ago when King Hussein rounded on the PLO and drove it out of Jordan. Armed Palestinians moved into refugee camps in Lebanon, provoking retaliatory raids by the Israelis. Clashes between Christians and Muslims complicated the picture, and Syrian intervention added to the country's sufferings. Lebanon, once an oasis of peace and harmony in the turbulent Near East, virtually ceased to exist as a state. Paradoxically, the Israeli invasion offers the first real chance in a decade of giving Lebanon back to the Lebanese.

There are of course embarrassing aspects to all this. A member-state of the United Nations is not supposed to invade a neighboring state even if it is used as a base for hostile terrorist activities. This was particularly displeasing to European upholders of international law.

In the case of the EEC countries, there was another complicating factor. At the Venice summit in 1980, President Giscard d'Estaing of France and Lord Carrington of Britain joined hands in promoting some kind of recognition for the PLO.

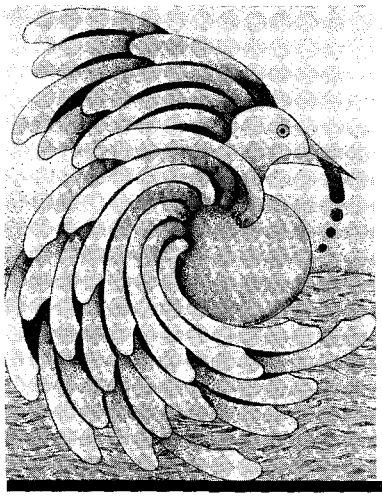
In the British House of Commons this June 27, Francis Pym, no wiser in this respect than his noble predecessor, roundly condemned Israel and delivered himself of the choice piece of wisdom that the destruction of the PLO's organization in Beirut would not enhance Israel's security. Even more choice, that it might lead to a return to the extremism of the early 1970s. (On security, I imagine Israelis and Lebanese will sleep more easily in their beds if the destruction of the PLO as a military organization is completed; on extremism, I hadn't noticed that today's extremism was better than the extremism of the 1970s, but perhaps my memory is at fault. The real difference is that Yasir Arafat has been extraordinarily effective in persuading people, including politicians who ought to know better, that his Organization is a "moderate" one.)

Everyone Out!

There was, and is, only one statesmanlike attitude to take in the situation created by the Israeli invasion of Lebanon: it is to call on the Israelis, the PLO, *and* the Syrians to withdraw from the country. *That* would be a real contribution to peace and security in the Middle East; and it has been made possible, like it or not, by the Israeli invasion and by nothing else.

What, then, of the rights of the Palestinian people? Of course the Palestinians have, or ought to have, rights. The doubtful point all along has been the PLO's claim to be sole representative of the Palestinian people. I am not aware that the Palestinians have ever been consulted on this point, nor do I believe in their freedom to say what they think so long as the PLO is armed to the teeth. That too, could be clarified as a result of Israel's action. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Return of the Honey Bird:

Tears for the Beloved Country

EDMUND MORRIS

There is a bird in South Africa called the Honey Bird. It likes to gorge itself on beehives, but dislikes being stung in the process. So it calls out to man with a compelling note, and flies from tree to tree leading him toward a hive. When man has chased the bees away and taken all the comb he wants, the Honey Bird swoops down and feasts on the remainder.

As a child in Africa, I was summoned by a Honey Bird of sorts, and I followed it eagerly; but none of the hot dark hives it sought had any appeal for me. I craved more sophisticated sweets, available only in the northern hemisphere—at gourmet stores which also, no doubt, purveyed the milk of Paradise. The desperate Bird was forced to flap farther and farther afield—across the Equator, through Europe, west over the Atlantic. It was twenty years before we finally reached Manhattan, and 12 more before we could afford carte blanche at Bloomingdale's. Now, satiated, my tired Bird wishes to go home. I visit the South African Airways counter at JFK and buy two tickets to Johannesburg—one single, one return. Within 24 hours the Honey Bird has been set free in his native air. As his happy squawks fade away, I find myself standing alone in the city of my earliest memories.

JOHANNESBURG looks smaller and shabbier than when I last knew it. I stare in amazement at the sheer, jostling number of black people on the sidewalks, and realize that as a white African I never really "saw" them before; they were an unnoticed part of the cityscape, a benign, if fecund, species of local fauna. I stroll along Commissioner Street, and take a quick color survey of passers-by. It works out to five blacks to every white, precisely the national average. In this inexorable ratio lies the dread of the ruling minority, both Afrikaans- and English-speaking. There is little feeling of threat in the air, although two *tsotsis* do stare thoughtfully at my wallet pocket.

Can this little skyscraper be Eskom House? I remember ascending it as a boy, convinced that its 24th-floor observation window was the world's supreme elevation. Peering up now, I am suddenly overwhelmed with the desire to make a private pilgrimage to the poorer part of town.

Rosettenville, on the edge of the mine dumps, is where my mother was born and raised. She returned there temporarily when I was three, while my father did a spell of RAF duty in Egypt. We stayed in my grandmother's flat, and I went to an infants' school nearby.

I find the neighborhood subtly transformed. The ugly little brick houses have been decorated with grape vines and pink and blue shutters; a fishmonger advertises fresh *bacalhau*, and the cinema where I saw *Pinocchio* is now showing something called *Os Fuentes Lisboa*. Evidently Rosettenville has "gone Portuguese" since the fall of Mozambique. I am afraid that Victoria Court will be transformed too, but the squat building is much the same, and its privet hedge gives off an achingly familiar fragrance. Walking down Daisy Street, I come upon Mrs. Lucas's school. After 35 years her plumbago bushes are still profuse with sticky blue flowers, and apricots are ripening in the trees that shaded us during out-of-door lessons. Under these branches, in 1943, I winced at the squeaking of Mrs. Lucas's chalk, and learned the mysterious incantation *affa apple, biffa bat, ciffa cat . . .*

The afternoon sun grows hot, and jet lag beclouds my brain. I cross to the park opposite, and flop down in a jacaranda grove. Here, lulled by the sound of Portuguese children at play, Mrs. Lucas's erstwhile pupil drowses off.

I wake up much later, in the shocked realization that I am late for tea with one of my aunts. I call to apologize. "That's all right, dear. But I'm glad you rang, because I've located that revolutionary friend of yours."

"Mike Kirkwood?" I am overjoyed. "Fantastic, Aunt! How? Where?"

"Right here in Joburg. I mentioned his name to Aunt Pat, and she mentioned it to Aunt Sheila, and *she* said she knew Mike's aunt—" She talks on peacefully, while I think of P. G. Wodehouse's line about aunt calling aunt like mastodons across some primeval swamp.

Time was when Mike and I were beach bums together. We enrolled as students at Natal University, Durban, but we spent our days body-surfing, and our nights writing reams of poetry. His effusions were generally to do with the liberation of the blacks; mine were about a girl with hair like

Mr. Morris is the Pulitzer Prize-winning author of The Rise of Theodore Roosevelt. *He was born in Kenya, and spent his first 24 years living alternately in that country and in South Africa. He emigrated to the United States in 1968, and is now an American citizen.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

maize silk. We lived for months on mashed bananas. When the banana season came to an end, Kirkwood and I went our separate ways—he into underground political activity, I to foreign fields. The last I heard of Mike was that he was in jail, writing Marxist tracts with burnt matches . . .

Aunt Peg's voice reclaims my attention: "So I rang him in his office and told him you were here. He sounded delighted."

"Mike in an office? Don't tell me he's stooped to capitalist employment?"

"Well, I'm not sure what *kind* of office." She gives me the address. "He says he'll be there till six."

I reach my destination—a nondescript building near the university—with ten minutes to spare, and walk through doors marked "RAVAN PRESS—BOOKS FOR AFRICA." A huge Geronimo-like figure, all forelock and cheekbones, unfolds from behind a desk. "I'd forgotten how tall you were," I say stupidly. "I always think of you sort of horizontal, you know, sticking out of a wave and shouting for me to get out of the way."

We reminisce about our beachcombing days, eyeing each other nervously. I am intrigued by Kirkwood's respectable white shirt and tie, and the profusion of glossy publications laid out for my inspection. He is plainly anxious to talk about his work, but I force him into a review of the years lost to me. Imprisonment in 1964 for alleged political activities prejudicial to the stability of the Republic; early liberation, thanks to a quirk in the banning laws; a lectureship in English at the University of Natal; adulation by dozens of female students, one of whom he married; the birth of three sons; two years in England, writing a book on the literature of colonialism; poverty; odd jobs with buckets and betting boards; hasty return to South Africa in 1973, when the black trade unions began to rise ("I felt I was needed"); further lecturing; a cycle of poems published.

"Then in '77 I got a call from this publishing house. It was going downhill, would I like to take over? I was so bored with academe, I thought, *Why not!* And you know, the moment I got here . . ."

He is suddenly shy, and lights a cigarette. I pick up the Ravan catalogue. It is elegantly printed on heavy stock, and runs to 28 pages. "For a house that was going downhill, you're sure putting out plenty of new titles." The cover display is a silhouette that used to fascinate me as a child. I remember pondering its savage and stubby shape, its sense of impenetrable blackness: it was the geographical outline of Africa. This rendering is lighter, shaded like a relief map, and the contours (as I stare at them) blend into a montage of negroid faces—coal-black and finely chiseled in Nigeria, aquiline in Ethiopia and Somalia, fuller of feature below Zimbabwe. I am amused to see that the faces to the north, west, and east are open-eyed, whereas the profile filling out South Africa is that of a sleeping giant.

I browse through the list of books, some of which bear the proud superscription BANNED IN SOUTH AFRICA. Ravan publishes only in English, yet its authors—novelists, poets, playwrights, economists—have names like Mtutuzeli Matshoba, Attih-Kubi, and Zakes Mda. Moved, I say, "Mike, if ever you were made for anything, it was to be editor-in-chief of a black publishing house."

His face glows with pride. "Well, not just black. Look here"—he picks up a slim volume entitled *The Hajji and Other Stories*, by Ahmed Essop—"this guy's Indian, and he's marvelous. He just won the Olive Schreiner Award [South Africa's top literary prize]. This guy, Christopher Hope"—tossing me a novel called *A Separate Development*—"is as white as you or me. Next year we're putting out the first big book ever to come out of the Cape Malay community."

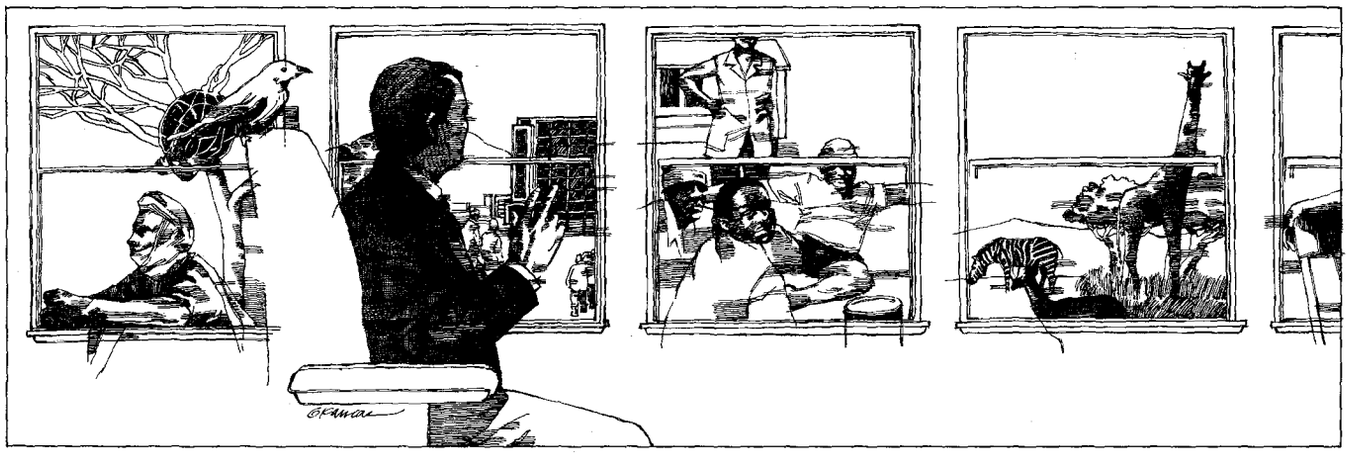
I ask if he knows Nadine Gordimer, who is in my opinion the finest short-story writer alive. "Nadine? Of course. We're co-publishing *July's People*."

That evening I sit talking to Marilyn Kirkwood in an expensive restaurant in the northern suburbs. She is a tiredly pretty, thirtyish woman; when she leans forward in the candlelight I notice years of worry finely etched in her skin. "Do you know, I can't remember when Mike and I last ate out." Her husband has been absent for some time—he is a man given to mysterious nocturnal disappearances—but the spell of her voice is such that I do not miss him.

"We've never had much money, of course. We practically starved in England, and even now Ravan pays very little. Mike's sure the press will run at a profit next year, but with three kids—"

It is much the same speech as one might hear from some young mother in Connecticut or California, except that American women of her type—intellectual, liberal, politically active—do not live with the fear of being woken at night by men in uniforms. Should Mike ever publish something too inflammatory . . .

Kirkwood materializes out of the shadows and falls joy-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fully upon the dessert menu. I recommend some mashed bananas, and he laughs in the old way, with sniffs and shaking shoulders. Emboldened, I ask, "Mike, do you still expect a bloodbath here?"

He looks hurt, and I recall that despite his terrifying demeanor in the surf, Kirkwood is a famously gentle person. "I've never expected that—at least, not on a countrywide scale. But I do see creeping warfare on the border, and more and more terrorism in the cities, until the blacks get what they want—complete and radical change."

"Is that what you want?"

"Of course. But my help should be as practical as possible—to defuse the threat of too much violence too soon."

"You're not as angry as you used to be," I tease.

"Well," he says slowly, "one can't stay angry forever."

I am not entirely convinced by his passive pose. Outside the restaurant stands a shiny new station wagon, with the logotype of Ravan Press emblazoned on it. When I ask who paid for it, he mumbles something about a religious group in Sweden. That nation is notoriously hospitable to South African revolutionary cadres in exile; I wonder what kind of gospel Mike's "religious" backers have told him to preach. But the night is warm, the wine is smooth, and I ask no further questions.

At noon the next day I fulfill a childhood ambition by checking into a sleeper on the Blue Train, the world's last luxury long-distance special, and a major symbol of South African prestige. Every gleaming inch of its 16-coach length is locally designed and manufactured.

My valet, a gravely polite Cape Colored, comes in to introduce himself. Only when he goes, clicking the door behind him, do I realize we have left the station. The Blue Train whispers south through the city, riding as smoothly as a needle on mercury. I am struck by the mellow beauty of the light that pours into my compartment. A little blue booklet tells me that "this is achieved by an extremely thin layer of gold diffused onto the face of the glass in order to deflect heat and glare."

The great mines of the Witwatersrand drift into view, their bright yellow dumps crenellated by erosion. They look like heaps of abstract jewelry: I sit bathed in a golden glow, gazing at gold through gold. This is a country unimaginably richer than the one I left 16 years ago.

Braamfontein, Westonaria, Roodeport—the mining towns slip by at increasing speed. I am riding, like Alice, through a checkerboard landscape: squares of white bungalows alternating with black blocks where migrant workers sweat in celibacy. Elsewhere in South Africa the races may live at greater extremes of wealth and deprivation, yet nowhere is the harsh geometry of *apartheid* more palpable than here, at the heart of the national economy.

Bricks give way to bluegums waving in long rows above new-plowed fields. The last smudge of industrial smoke vanishes behind us, and the train begins to rock slightly. We are speeding westward across the *platteland* of the Transvaal. Gongs sound for lunch.

The *kingklip*, South Africa's finest fish, is tender in its shell of batter, and the Nederburg Riesling crisp and chill. I eat and drink under the placid gaze of Mrs. McDonald, my 88-year-old table companion. (She has sent her Karoo lamb back for more cooking—"*Very* well done, if you please.") She leans plumply against the window, pearls trembling on her bosom; her hair is so blue it seems to blend into the sky. The illusion that I am riding through Looking-Glass Land persists. Like the White Queen, Mrs. McDonald talks half to herself, in a soothing stream of consciousness that requires no assistance from me, beyond occasional diversion into fresh channels. Her phraseology would, in Britain, infallibly identify her with the lower middle class; here it proclaims a genteel dowager of independent means.

"If that fish isn't sufficient, young man, you just call for more. They'll fetch it! I've been taking this train since before the war, and nobody says no in front of *me*. I always leave a little something under the serviette, don't have to really, but oh! how grateful they are. No, *no*, steward, that's still not done. Almost *shriveled*, please. And another piece of fish for the gentleman. I suppose you're going to write something pessimistic about the future here. Well, what I always say is, *Today is the tomorrow you worried about yesterday.* Why won't the world leave us alone? All this propaganda, it's ruined the Afs, you know. They just won't work any more. You should see 'em sleeping all day in Joubert Park. *Swarms*, face down in the sun! Cheeky devils."

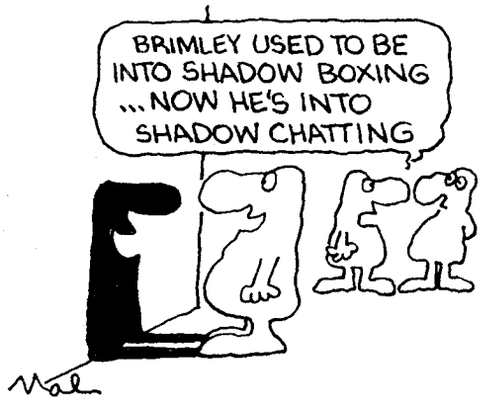
The carcinogenous remains of her lamb arrive, and the old lady tucks in with relish, sipping at intervals from a glass of pink gin. "My, this is good! Steward! More vegetables." The peas are pale, the carrots thickly glazed with syrup in Afrikaans style. I order a third filet of *kingklip* and drink more wine.

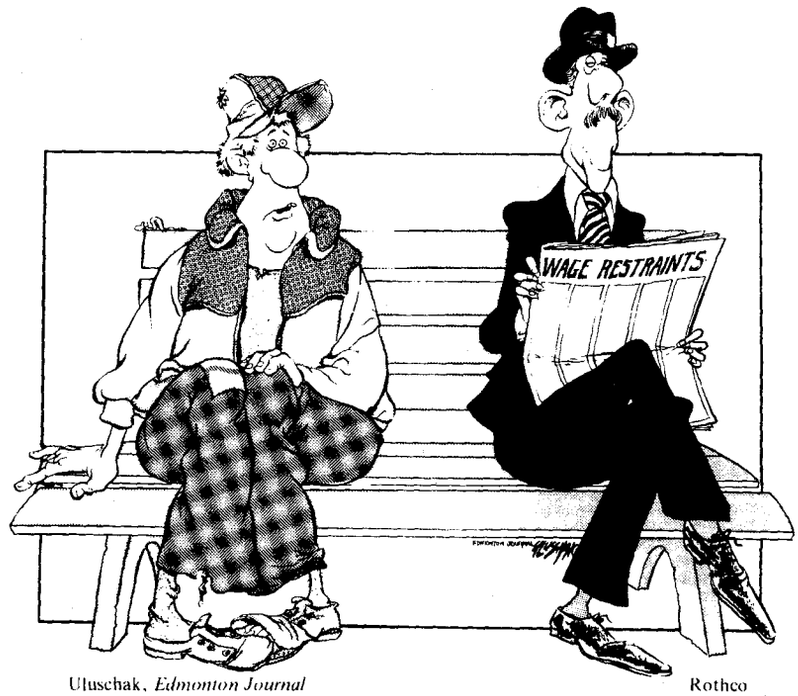
We are riding through a checkerboard landscape: squares of white bungalows alternating with black blocks where migrant workers sweat in celibacy

Speakers announce that we are passing through Potchefstroom. The train slows almost to a halt. Some black schoolchildren scamper beside the dining car, waving and laughing. "Pity it's climate-controlled," says Mrs. McDonald, "we could have tossed those picanins some pennies." A memory stabs me, and I groan aloud, much to her alarm.

I am 18, en route to Grahamstown in a second-class carriage. My fellow traveler is a squat, cheerful Afrikaner, much given to sliding down the window and spitting into the veld. *We are drawing out of some such* dorp *as this, and half a dozen black boys are running alongside for coins. The Afrikaner brandishes a shining half-crown: their eyes widen with joy, and they scamper closer to the wheels, arms outstretched. The train accelerates, and he shouts, "C'mon, kaffirs, move!" Their bare feet fly over the trackside stones; several stumble and fall; one boy outstrips the others, and manages to keep pace; the half-crown glitters within inches of his hands; but then it is whipped away, the window shoots* →

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





Uluschak, *Edmonton Journal* Rothco

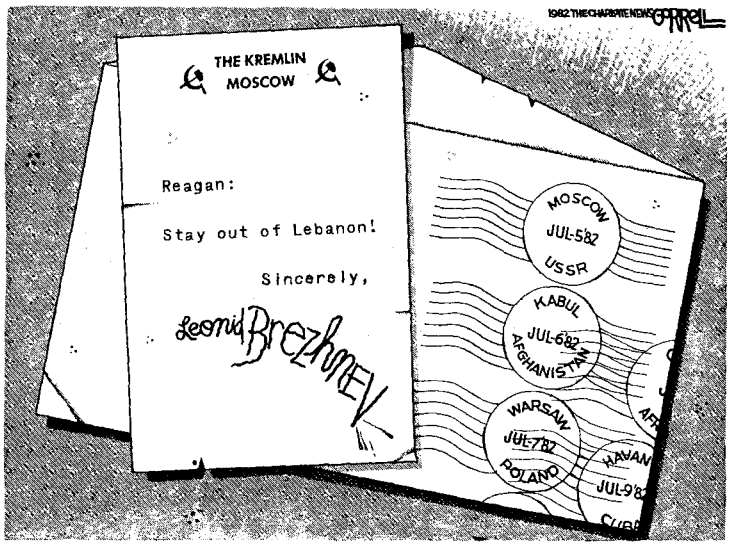
"I've been practicing wage restraint for years now—it's called 'being unemployed.'"

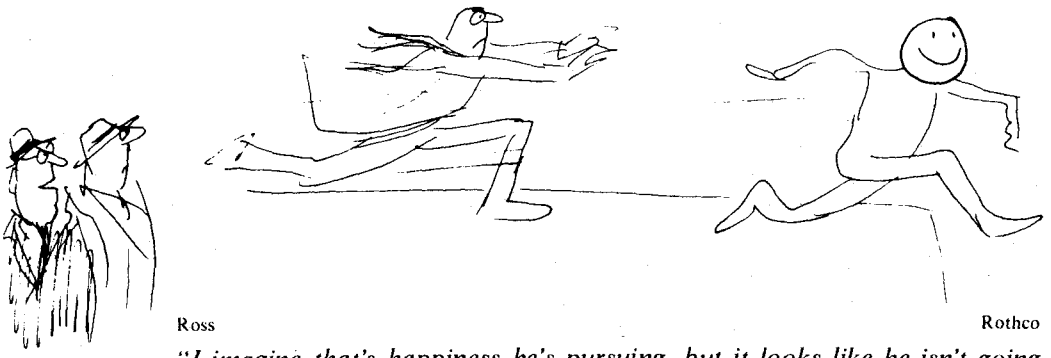
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On Taxidermy

Like a duck that's been mortally wounded
  Or a musk ox dispatched at the pass,
All the girls in the ERA lobby
  Have been thrashing about on the grass.
But as Hemingway said when describing
  A bullfighter who finds he's rebuffed,
If you can't muster grace under fire,
  Then it's better by far to be stuffed.

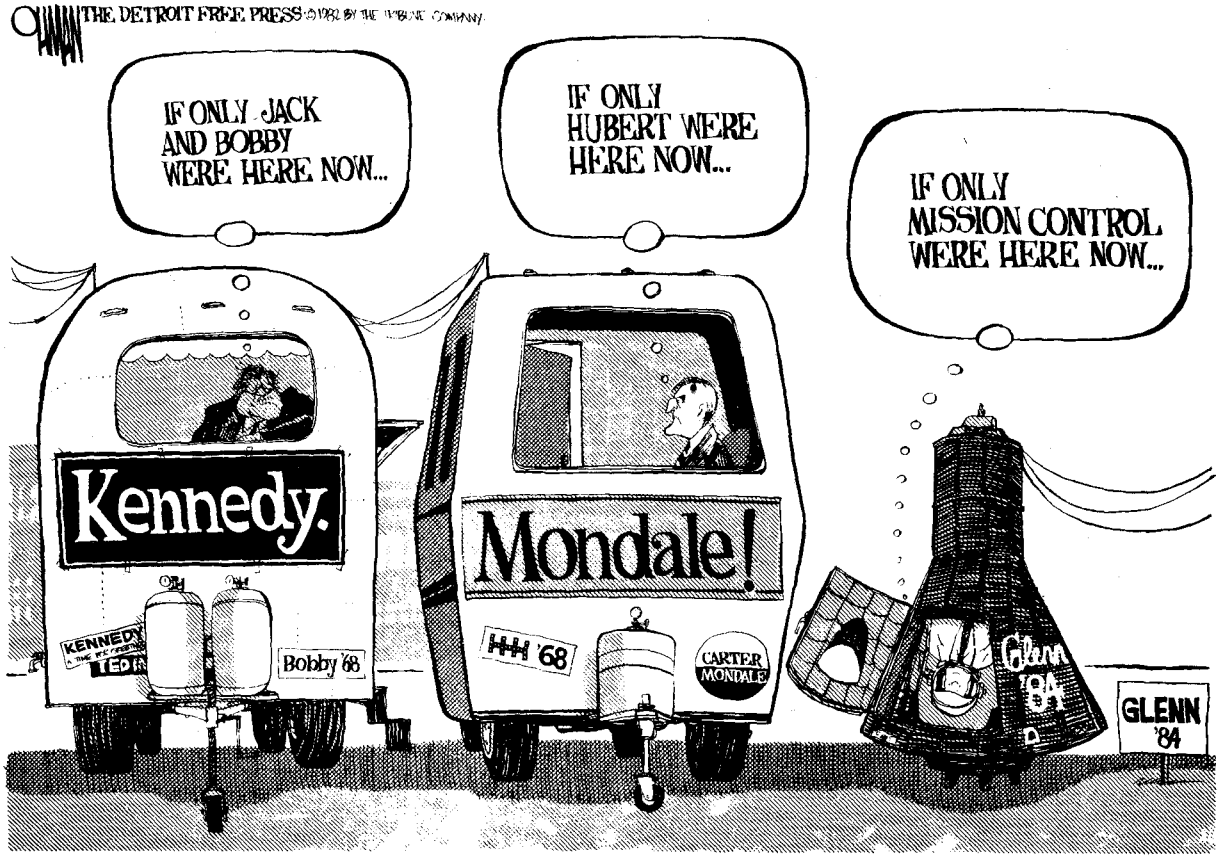
W. H. VON DREELE





Ross Rothco

"I imagine that's happiness he's pursuing, but it looks like he isn't going to make it."



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

up, and the Afrikaner repockets the coin, roaring with laughter. "See the little buggers run!" My last view is of a receding black face, distorted with pain and anger . . .

"What's wrong, dear, can't eat your fish? Let's have some pudding. Steward! Two vanilla ice creams, and a bottle of Worcester sauce."

"Worcester sauce, madam?"

"You heard me. Makes it taste just like caramel, dear. You just pull out the wafer and pour the sauce into the hole—"

I excuse myself and hurry back to my compartment.

As I sink back on the cushions a little depot speeds toward me. It is signposted CONTENT: it flashes by, and is gone. I sit staring at my *Doppelgänger* in the golden glass, reflecting on how briefly, indeed, content at being back in South Africa has lasted. The poignance of nostalgia, the joy of meeting an old friend, are swept away by a sense of hopeless political imbalance, of the terror that lies behind racial hatred. Why am I so depressed? Because I feel the same way about Central Park, New York City, as Mrs. McDonald does about Joubert Park, Johannesburg? Because I did not pull up that remembered window, and fling out my own shining coin? Because 16 years ago I fled, not the injustices of South African society, but merely its cultural sterility?

The Afrikaner repockets the coin, roaring with laughter. My last view is of a receding black face, distorted with pain and anger . . .

Thinking still of that receding, distorted face, I pick up a copy of *Staffrider*, Mike Kirkwood's new black intellectual monthly. He boasts that it sells in extraordinary quantities, but I find the magazine disappointing. It is concerned almost exclusively with the literature of the upraised black fist—a boring genre, however passionate. I search in vain through 48 pages of poems, short stories, playlets, and interviews for just one authentic African image. There are endless references to chains, sweat, blood, vomit, and castration; but these clichés are freely available to me in New York City, in any smudgy issue of the *Amsterdam News*. Where is the black equivalent of Camões's Adamastor, looming "with divine menace", over the Cape of Storms, or Roy Campbell's unforgettable zebras, drawing the dawn across the plains, their flanks "zithered" with fire?

I find what I am looking for—the soul, the voice of South Africa—unexpectedly, in *Hajji Musa*, Ahmed Essop's little volume of stories. A foreword explains that his fiction "centers on the vivid aromatic world of Johannesburg's Indian community in Fordsburg."

I have not been there, but I am familiar with equally "aromatic" parts of Durban (those singsong street cries, the hot reek of turmeric lifted from the bazaars by dust-devils, those gutters running pink, on rainy days, with expectorated betel nut). I feel an immediate surge of interest, and turn to the first story.

> When the telephone rang several times one evening and his wife did not attend to it as she usually did, Hajji Hassen, seated on a settee in the lounge, cross-legged and sipping tea, shouted, "Salima, are you deaf?"

Delighted, I read on. Essop's prose moves with the nervous liquidity of Indian music. At times it surges into arabesques of humor and caprice, at others it drops to depths of gloom; but it never settles at any fixed pitch, no mood lasts long enough to cloy. I sway like a hypnotized cobra in the speeding train. Outside the Transvaal is merging into the Cape Province, but I am a hundred miles away, in Fordsburg, in a Little World more exotic than that of Don Camillo.

Here are almond-eyed youths slouching in cafés that smell of sweetmeats and subtropical fruit; pale, guilty Jews wallowing in racial profligacy with Moslems; dark, dangerous Xhosas, befuddled with *dagga* and aching for half-caste girls ("black-haired and blue-eyed, with complexions like the white flower of the gardenia"); gangsters with names like Gool, meditating extortion over the click of billiard balls; kinky-haired millionaires courting Indian girls by proxy; and most memorably, a glossy little waiter who strolls in the streets late at night, "with the houses looming above him, and the coolness of tears on his cheeks."

When I come to the end of the last story I find to my surprise that five hours have gone by. The sun is setting. A windmill spins slowly on the horizon, its vanes throwing off sparks like a Roman candle. I am filled with the sleepy calm —Content!—that good writing evokes. Only an African, in particular a South African, could have written these stories, yet according to the ludicrous classifications of *apartheid* he is an "Indian." I think it likely that Ahmed Essop has not ventured farther east across the Indian Ocean than the few yards necessary to surf back to his native shore. Fordsburg is not an "Indian" community; it is as African in its way as the lush northern suburbs of Johannesburg, the mud villages of Zululand, the bleak Dutch towns of the Orange Free State.

This country, I conclude, is no more the black man's birthright than it is the exclusive *Vaderland* of the Afrikaner. It belongs to a polyglot population of Greeks, Gujuratis, Zulus, Scotsmen, Malays, Xhosas, Boers, Mauritians, Hindus, Cape Coloreds, Jews, Bushmen, Portuguese, Englishmen, and other tribes too numerous to list. Such mutually attractive, mutually repellent ingredients cannot be prevented from loosely combining, nor can they be squeezed into a homogeneous block. South African culture must grow, as natural cultures do, out of the osmosis of permeating solutes, the harmonious flow of nutrients and wastes. In time, surely (and time is what such complex chemistry needs), the acids of racial hatred will be neutralized by the alkali of racial understanding.

I turn out the lights and get into bed. Outside, a full moon is etching the Karoo plateau into a pattern of black anthills and silver grass, like a giant printer's block. Four or five white cranes, disturbed by the rush of the locomotive, rise

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The American Spectator

. . . believes in the horselaugh as a weapon against pipsqueaks in places of power.

"The American Spectator . . . is packed with well-informed vitriol and arguments in favor of dragging everyone in the federal government out to Kingsport, Tennessee, to be put to work in a mine!" **—Car & Driver**

". . . iconbusting, brawlingly staid, and wonderfully highbrow."
—William F. Buckley, Jr.

". . . a brilliant magazine."
—The Daily Telegraph

If you are searching for the ideal combination of wisdom and perspicuous wit, then *The American Spectator* is for you. Where else but in *The American Spectator* will you find the rapacious top dog of the Kremlin pack regularly referred to by the endearing cognomen of Papa Brezhnev? Where else will you find a devastating review of feminist literature wickedly entitled "Hot to Trot, So What?"

While *The American Spectator* delights in being mockingly, irreverently funny, it is at the same time deadly serious—especially when the targets are the sacred cows of the more trendily chic liberal media: OSHA, hot tubs, affirmative action, Jane Fonda, and all the other peculiar species of fish, fowl, and reptile that environmentalists champion so strenuously on National Public Radio and TV.

Each month, readers are treated to the regular features of editor-in-chief R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., whose trenchant observations on the foibles of 20th century America are "couched in some of the liveliest prose since the passing of H.L. Mencken," according to *Time* magazine.

If you have a mind for the unfashionable, the unorthodox, the frequently unprintable, live dangerously . . . join the growing roster of subscribers to *The American Spectator.* The coupon contains a risk-free trial offer. Mail it today.

THE
AMERICAN SPECTATOR®
P.O. Box 1969, Bloomington, Indiana 47402

Open my one-year subscription (12 monthly issues) at your special money-saving price of only $11.95, a whopping one-third saving (regularly $18).

☐ Check for $11.95 enclosed. In return for my prepayment send me **two additional issues** (14 for the price of 12). Full refund is guaranteed if I don't like the first issue.

☐ Bill me for $11.95 (sorry, no additional issues; only 12). If I don't like my first issue I'll write "cancel" across the invoice, return it to you, and owe nothing.

PLEASE PRINT

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

2NJA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from a lake and flap alongside in spectral convoy. The rhythm of their wings, beating in the moonlight, combines hypnotically with the rock of the train.

I wake to a changed landscape of crumbling hills, valleys full of fruit trees and vines. The hills are flat-topped, each with its dolerite *koppie*, level fragments of the plateau we have left behind. Only the valleys deepen as we descend toward the sea. Far ahead, in the haze where two oceans meet, the largest residual remnant looms: Adamastor at last!

I am that vast cape locked in secrecy
That Cape of Hurricanes your people call . . .
I round out Africa's extremity
*In my hid headland, where the shore lines fall . . .**

My parents welcome me at Cape Town in brilliant noon sunshine. The sea air is so ambrosial I suggest we lunch out-of-doors. "Nothing but the best today, Dad. Let's try the Mount Nelson."

He looks pleased. "Just what I was going to say."

The hotel is a short drive through the city, on an estate overlooking the Houses of Parliament. I have not visited it before, yet on getting out of the car I am overwhelmed by a sense of déjà vu. Surely I have stood here, shaded by these "deferential palms," looking up at this "large, proud, rose-colored hotel"?

My mother listens patiently as I stumble over the quotation. "You always were one for poetry, dear."

"Not poetry, it's the opening of *Tender Is the Night*." And inside I discover that the Mount Nelson is indeed modeled on Fitzgerald's favorite hotel at Cap d'Antibes.

The feeling that I am back in the Twenties persists as we wander through the gardens. Ancient, military types slouch in deck chairs; their wives wave wet cigarette-holders; the talk is of cricket, sun blisters, wogs, and royalty.

Lunch, served by a courteous Malay in *kanzu* and *kofiyeh*, follows the Edwardian sequence extinct elsewhere in the world, yet still customary in South Africa: soup, fish (fresh or pickled), entrée with four vegetables, cold cuts, salad, pudding, cheese, cream crackers, and "coffee in the lounge." With two bottles of the best Cape wine, the bill comes to $47.50 for three. "Things are still cheap here, then," I say.

"Depends what you mean by things. It costs us over 25 rand just to fill up that small car with petrol."

I multiply by 1.3. "Wow, that's $3.10 a gallon! But of course oil's the one mineral resource you lack."

"Well, we've begun to produce it from coal," my father says proudly. "Sasolburg's overrun with Americans come to see how we do it."

Before leaving town we take the cable car to the top of Table Mountain. Usually this great cliff is windy, but today the air is so still we can hear the surf pounding in Camp's Bay, three thousand feet below. The only movement is the nervous vibration of hummingbirds among the proteas. Here, at our feet, the Dutch East India Company built Cape Town, about the same time that the Dutch West India Company built New Amsterdam on Manhattan, half a world away. So civilizations germinate, blossom, and spread.

The next week is a *mélange* of family reunions and excursions through the lovely Cape winelands. There are breakfasts under a plum tree so fecund the sun-warmed fruit falls right into my cereal; lunches of pearly crayfish and Grunberger *blanc de blancs* on seaside patios; brandy-and-soda "sundowners" with members of Somerset West's Kenyan community; candlelight dinners where my father, staring into his wine, talks of the fortune Grandfather made and lost, and how Great-Grandfather used to run the ox wagons up to Kuruman, and slept in a haunted farmhouse, and shot his own big toe off. We drive into the town to see the weekend influx of the Cape Coloreds—shrill, gap-toothed, and jolly in the early morning, dangerous when the sun climbs high and bottles of methylated spirit pass from mouth to mouth. We visit Cape Town's Nico Malan Opera House for a multiracial performance of *Carmen* superior to any I have seen in New York or London. I surf many times in the tingling sea, wishing Mike were with me. We buy fresh fish on the Strand—*snoek*, *kabalyo*, and yellowtail, still sparkling with salt, and we *braai* them over coals in the garden.

One night I browse the books I used to read, guiltily, with a flashlight under the blankets in bed: *Gone with the Wind*, Emil Ludwig's *Napoleon*, *Art through the Ages* by Helen Gardner, and *Nairobi: The First Fifty Years*. Each of these volumes did its bit to pervert an African boy into one who identified with "a world elsewhere." The white columns and social equipoise of the Old South aroused indescribable longings, as did the splendors of the French Empire; the superabundance of world culture, as detailed by Miss Gardner, flowered everywhere, it seemed, except on this barren continent. Even the civic handbook, I realize now, wrought a spell, for there, on page 51, is the blurry photograph of Theodore Roosevelt on safari which for some reason buried itself in the subconsciousness of his future biographer.

A final pilgrimage must be made before I return to Johannesburg: a trip across country to Durban, where my brother and sister live. We set off along a highway linking the old Dutch *dorps* of the interior. Touws Rivier, Beaufort-Wes, Graaff-Reinet . . . sprawling, dusty, tree-shaded towns, each with its colored slum, its whitewashed hotel smelling of urine and sour beer, its gabled housefronts and prosperous *kerk* (whence floats, every evening, the most lugubrious psalmody in Christendom). Here "natives" still step aside, twenty or thirty at a time, while an Afrikaans girl strolls barefoot in her loose print dress, blind to the crowd that opens before her, closes behind.

These little towns are painfully familiar to me. I have hitchhiked through them many times, penniless in my university blazer. (For reasons unclear to me now, it was a point of honor never to carry money, only a bag of beef-biltong shavings.) I have slept under these dry bridges, and awakened covered with blown sheep droppings. These dour, guttural people have lavished hospitality upon me, although I never learned more than twenty words of their language. They are the true *verkramptes*, rigid, God-fearing farmers whose votes (weighted to overbalance those of *verligte* city-dwellers) perpetuate the Nationalist Party in power. Deep inside them they carry the memory of Dingaan butchering their ancestors; deeper still the knowledge that these Coloreds—so ominously numerous, wherever one goes in the Cape Province—are their racial cousins. Try as they might, they cannot escape the consequences of past miscegenation:

*Camões, *The Lusiads*, translated by Leonard Bacon.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to this day kinky-haired "throwbacks" are born into the blondest of families. *How at school we used to torment poor "Midnight" Kruger! "Hey, Midnight, where's your pass book?" How he would sob and roar! "Don't call me a kaffir, you bastards . . ."*

After two days driving across the Karoo we climb onto the velvety slopes of the Drakensberg. A sign announces "YOU ARE NOW ENTERING THE TRANSKEI," but I have passed it so often in youth I do not notice that the word "REPUBLIC" has been added since. However it is soon apparent that this fertile region is not governed by the same hands that prevailed twenty years ago. Once-green hills are now scarcely stippled with tufts, and the soil shows through, first in spots of pink among the green, then (as the tufts loosen and blow away) in patches which corrugate into long channels of erosion. The channels run into each other and spill more and more pink alluvium into the rivers, like wounds which never heal. This is a landscape bleeding to death. Its murderers are not the skeletal cattle and goats which wander around tearing at the remaining tufts, but peasants who will not change their traditional habits of agriculture: straight plowing (no matter how rounded the topography), under-fertilizing, and overstocking. If, as the old proverb says, it takes a thousand years to unmake a peasant, the Transkei will become another Kalahari before then.

Next morning my father nudges his straining car over Naudes Nek, at three thousand meters (nearly ten thousand feet) the highest pass in South Africa (sheets of silvery grass, changing color in the wind like stroked velvet; thousands of arum lilies; Christmas beetles whistling in the poplars). We drop once more into the wastelands of the Transkei, and judder for hours along a road that threatens to dislodge our fillings. We slow to dead speed whenever we see a wandering cow: "Run over one of their animals and there's no knowing what they'll do to you." Eventually a border post looms up.

Signs instruct us to park and present our passports at a roadside depot. "Passports?" I boggle as my parents produce theirs. "Yes, this is an independent country now, remember." It occurs to me that as a foreigner I should have arranged a visa to protect myself in the Transkei. Suddenly the guard at the gate, scratching himself with his bayonet, seems full of menace: I notice two police land-rovers parked beside the depot, and my mouth goes dry. I slouch deep in the back seat and pretend to be asleep. "You're lucky," my father murmurs, "they've waved us on."

"Lucky is right," says the South African immigration officer on the other side of the border. "Those guys can get nasty. You could of lost a few teeth and ended up in *klep*."

We ride smoothly into Natal, greenest and most "English" of the provinces. I roll down the window and inhale its remembered fragrance of roast maize, thatch, sugarcane, trodden earth, and sea. *"There is a lovely road that runs from Ixopo into the hills,"* I recite.

"The hills are grass-covered and rolling," my mother continues, *"and lovely beyond any singing of it."*

She sighs. This part of Natal is where she spent the happiest days of her youth: there were balls every Saturday night at the farm, after polo, and she would write names like Cockburn and Shepherd-Smith on a little card with a silver pencil . . . "What happened to Taffy's farm?" I ask her.

"Divided up, and all the horses sold. There's a rumor this whole area will be declared black soon . . ."

Mists fill the valleys as we descend toward Durban.

"STOP! YOU'RE WALKING PAST WOOLFSONS MENSWEAR! HAVE A LOOK AT OUR DISPLAY!" I do not have to be told where I am, nor what's in the window. Here, in this grubby blue-tiled store, I began my professional career, writing advertising copy for translation into the Zulu: "SOKKIS [socks]. *Were R 3.50, now R 2.00.*" My creative break came when I was asked to design a flyer for Father's Day. I drew a melancholy fish and hand-lettered the headline, *"Science Informs Us the Male Codfish Fertilizes 256,000 Eggs, Then Swims Off to Oblivion."* Beneath, in smaller letters, I wrote, *"Don't Let Your Old Man Feel Lost and Forgotten on Father's Day."* Mr. Woolfson, who began his career pushing a barrow of shirts up West Street, stared at this layout in silence, then called for his secretary. "To whom it may concern," he dictated. "It is with great regret that Mr. Morris leaves us of his own accord, and we wish him every success in doing so."

When I leave Durban this time, it is with more accord and less regret—although I am frustrated by too brief a reunion with my brother and sister. They are both married now, and settled in pleasant apartments by the sea; they are not yet wealthy, but they are young and good-looking and white, and they will doubtless prosper in South Africa's continuing economic boom—"until the revolution." The phrase is no longer whispered, or even uttered in jest; since Zimbabwe, a sense of doom has settled upon English-speaking South Africans. Unlike the Afrikaners, they are prepared to decamp: many have secretly acquired foreign passports.

A little girl, blonde and delicate as a prawn, sits next to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

me on my connecting flight to Johannesburg. Her parents are across the aisle, with a baby. "We're going to visit my uncle," she tells me.

"In the Transvaal?"

"No, in Australia."

"You'll have a lot to tell your friends when you come back."

"We're not coming back. We're *emi*grating," she says, with a resentful glance at her father. He is staring out of the window, down at the receding hills of Natal. Something about the back of his head suggests he is crying.

A welcome lunch invitation saves me from the *ennui* of waiting six hours between planes at Jan Smuts Airport. It comes from Ahmed Essop, whom I call to pay my respects (since finishing *The Hajji*, I have read his new novel, *The Visitation*, with even greater delight). "I've always wanted to visit Fordsburg," I say.

"Ah, but Fordsburg is no more. We've been moved to Lenasia."

He gives me directions. I rent a car and speed past Johannesburg, into the rolling country that screens off its nonwhite suburbs. Lenasia looms up, a clinically clean "new town" of large and small houses, shopping centers, and parks full of brown children. The skyline is dominated by a mosque.

Essop comes out into his garden to greet me. He is a slight, dark, fortyish figure in white shirt and cravat, smiling furrow-eyed in the sun. "Come in and meet my wife." Farida Essop is exquisitely shy, retreating with rustling sari back into the kitchen. "And this is my daughter." Liquid black eyes, lustrous black hair, arms silhouetted against her dress: she looks like a negative image of my blonde companion on the plane.

God help this lovely country if another generation of blacks is denied its birthright; and God help us Americans if we desert the whites in the aching interim

We sit in a little room glittering with Islamic filigree. Essop tells me that he used to teach English at Indian schools before his outspoken political views began to annoy the government. "They didn't dismiss me, they just kept transferring me to schools further and further from home. I sued the Bureau of Indian Affairs—a futile procedure—and while the case dragged on I wrote *Hajji Musa*."

"And discovered you were a writer?"

"Well, at least that I had an authentic South African voice, had something original to say. I also discovered that I had a ready-made audience, starved for literature about itself. Do you know what the Bureau insists we teach? Jane Austen! Conrad! The Romantic poets! What have they to do with children born and bred here?" He gestures out of the window, at the mosque and bluegum trees.

"You wouldn't want to eliminate Keats entirely, I presume."

"Of course not, although"—he begins to laugh—"I have seen one of my colleagues flapping her arms and making bird noises, trying to make her class understand 'Ode to a Nightingale.' But this neglect of South African writers is universal: it stretches from black schools to white universities. The government seems to fear that people who know the truth about themselves will be more difficult to govern. As a result, it's impoverishing our intellects, emotions, imaginations—our humanity."

Farida summons us to lunch: bowls of chicken curry, steaming rice, sambals, a sauce of fresh coriander and curdled milk. The talk ranges effortlessly over wide fields of politics and literature, from Ronald Reagan to V. S. Naipaul, from typesetting to yoga. I sit thinking, *These people cannot vote, they have to live where they are sent.*

"All of us in this country have so much to discover about each other," Essop sighs. "But *apartheid* has made such a rift, such a great human rift. You know those words of Olive Schreiner, 'The line at which light race meets dark is the line at which human sociability is found at the lowest ebb . . . there are found the darkest shadows which we have cast by our injustice and egoism across the earth.' "

I drive back to the airport past the yellow mine dumps, glowing almost incandescent now in the setting sun. As a child I used to think these hills were real gold, awaiting compression into ingots. What dreams, I wonder, does Ahmed Essop's daughter have of her environment? Does she, too, imagine herself to be living in a land of treasure, or has her father taught her that for an "Indian," all is slag?

Then I think of the naked black youths I saw in the Transkei, their faces ghastly with circumcision paint, their eyes dull with centuries of ignorance. If Essop deserves a vote, do they, by virtue of their shared swarthiness, deserve it also? Manifestly not; a sophisticated modern society, however undemocratic, cannot be given over to a plurality of peasants without disaster.

The only conceivable sharing of power here, I conclude, must be among those of any color who are educationally qualified for it—and by that standard, many semibarbarous rural Afrikaners will learn what it is to be governed by superiors of another race. This thundering economy already requires more skilled jobs than the white sector can provide; to survive, the government must mortgage itself to the principle of universal, free, and equal education. Those Transkei youths, when their foreskins heal, will shortly be fathering children. God help this lovely country if another generation of blacks is denied its birthright; and God help us Americans if we desert the whites in the aching interim.

Yet here am I, *hypocrite auteur*, doing just that. Night comes as my plane takes off. Johannesburg's myriad lights stream away in the blackness, like sparks shed from the wing. Simultaneously, it seems, the last vestiges of Africa in me fall away too. I feel calm and purged. "Dinner, sir?"

"No thank you, I'll wait till I get home."

Pleasantly suspended between old and new loyalties, between hemispheres as separate yet interdependent as Yin and Yang, the returning traveler sleeps. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HIGH-WIRE ACT

★★★

The Daily News *Makes It*

★★★

NICHOLAS KING

For several months, New York lived in the shadow of the disappearance of the Daily News, *the city's largest-circulation newspaper. Its parent, the Tribune company of Chicago, thought it wasn't profitable enough and wanted to sell it. But eventually the Tribune reconsidered and decided to keep it, under a new dispensation with the unions. The agony was long-drawn-out, and the public—and the* News*'s columnists—had plenty of time to be miserable. Now they feast on their words.*

THE NUMBER SIX train follows the curving shore through the South Bronx and eases into the express station at 125th Street. From there it slants southeast to Spanish Harlem and then descends due south through the Upper East Side to end up at the Brooklyn Bridge, the gateway to Downtown, a journey across the strata of the earth's crust.

Until it reaches 96th Street, almost everyone on the subway is reading the *Daily News*. "Up north," north of 96th Street, the legendary barrier between poverty and affluence in Manhattan, people do not listen to morning television talk shows; they prefer their communication straight.

After 96th, the *News* gives way dramatically to the *New York Times*, read with thoughtful frowns by the rising young men of the middle class. Or it gives way to the *Wall Street Journal*, perused equally sternly, especially by those young women in trenchcoats and tweed skirts who are the young executives' female counterparts. They all absorb sterling information, but they miss something the *News* has to offer, no doubt indistinct to them and apparently irrelevant, but nevertheless something that undergirds their lives.

The *News* is the biggest paper in the biggest city in the country, a fact often neglected by those who claim to be interested in popular opinion. It circulates at a million and a half on weekdays and at two million on Sunday; figures that made the possibility of its disappearance so incomprehensible, for although part of the leviathan might be sick surely most of it was healthy and wealthy. To have so many readers, a paper must offer something besides its bare paragraphs of news. What the *News* has is a manner of unmistakable, fist-banging intimacy, a face of humor, expressing boldness and resignation all at once, as they are expressed every day, and at their most dramatic, in New York.

The personality of the *Daily News* has a breathing life among hundreds of thousands of households. That has been true of many family newspapers so-called. But the *News* seems to have been able to put its finger on its readers, individually as well as together, with extraordinary accuracy, especially since those readers are so diverse. It may be that New Yorkers, particularly in the recent chauvinism-laden years, feel a strong yearning with regard to their identity, probably more than any other contemporary urban collective. Mayor Koch and his "I Love New York" propagandists have made New Yorkers into conspirators resisting the fiscal onslaughts of Washington and the prudish and hypocritical sneers of the rest of the country. The *Daily News* has been a principal standard-bearer of this movement, eager to defy the pale, envious Feds who seek to throttle the spirit and sap the substance of the city.

In the Midst of Life

Many people remember that famous headline of a few years ago when Washington refused to give New York what was considered an equitable share of tax revenue. "FORD TO N.Y.: DROP DEAD" was a breathtaking way of getting the message totally across. And it is through such crystallizing of attitudes that the paper has known its greatest successes. It is no exaggeration to say that on many an occasion, the *Daily News* speaks for New Yorkers, especially when New York has dealings with the outside world. It goes farther than titillating its readers' curiosity—the classic device of the tabloid press. Nor does it appear to its public as one of those vehicles of information with a self-appointed mission of protection relating to the dissemination of topical truth. The public weal does not come between it and its readers like a ceremonial hesitation.

That the paper is biased on certain issues, conceited, brutal, frivolous at times, is certainly the case. But even then it is always able to draw on an inherent, and fundamentally good-natured, dynamism that binds it to the community with chains of power. Like the sub-

Mr. King is a frequent contributor to NATIONAL REVIEW.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

way itself, which is its most natural home, it brings together a hundred different parts of the vast metropolis with an unmistakable stamp of authenticity. If it has a message, it is to say simply that it belongs. The day after it was announced that the paper was "saved," its headline bellowed a faultless message: "NEWS TO CITY: WE'RE HERE TO STAY."

This feeling of authenticity defies any extended analysis of its contents. This feature, that columnist, that series, editorials, sports, pictures—for of course the *News* was New York's "Picture Newspaper," a slogan since dropped although the logo of the old speed graphic camera remains—comics, puzzles, horoscopes, recipes come and go and have their followings or do not; it matters, but not that much. What matters more is that the readers look to see how the paper will handle the news for their edification and for their amusement, for is not the truth amusing as well as sad? To go further, it might be said that the *Daily News* is fundamentally a happy newspaper. It tells you in effect that the worst is always happening—but not to you. That is true popular protectionism, and possibly the true meaning of communication itself. For the world knows the bad things in abundance; what it does not know is the good things, especially, in the case of the *News*'s tremendous attention to the gorier aspect of crime and accident, the sweetness of not being dead.

Its Readers' Voice

The *News* is considered, partly for this reason, a class paper, a blue-collar organ, and certainly it is one of the few papers in America that does not bore or alienate the blue-collars. In the old days, and at present too, the class label remained only lightly affixed, so that those commuters and *Wall Street Journal* carriers who do read it do not do so out of snobbery; although there was that celebrated case years ago of the man who moved to Mt. Kisco and used the *Herald Tribune* to hide his *Daily News* while coming in on the train.

The *News* probably did commit a blunder when it ventured into the upper-middle-class field a couple of years ago with the *Daily News Tonight*, an evening edition packed with highbrow critical material intended to pick up the sophisticated on their way home, and

the advertisers that went with them. It was also intended to determine whether the *News* could stop the encroachments of the *New York Post*, which, under Australian publisher Rupert Murdoch, has set its sights on eliminating the *News* from New York. The *Daily News Tonight* was a failure; it cost too much and it did not increase circulation sufficiently. Some of its blue-collar readers were put off at the time by what they regarded as an attempt by the *News* to social-climb, but there is no particular evidence they changed their reading habits. For, as they realized again this spring, what else would they read?

Blue-collar readership has indeed fallen away, but in the sense that blue-collar workers themselves are either moving out of the city, away from the *News*'s circulation reach, or moving up, as the phrase goes, to white-collar life. The growth of the suburbs has had a twofold effect on the paper. First, the new suburbanites see themselves as non-*News* readers. No matter how much they miss it, the habit of the paper has been left behind, and as the paper stopped showing up at the railroad stations in the piles next to the *Times*, it was forgotten. Second, the growth of the suburban cities, especially those with downtowns like Stamford, has generated big new papers (*Newsday*, the *Stamford Advocate*, the *Bergen County Evening Record*) which have assumed the role of their metropolitan models complete with foreign news services and Op-Ed-page Washington columnists. The average commuter, and housewife, can digest one paper but usually not a second one on top of it, and, again, that one paper will be the one which carries local news and advertising.

Thus the need to buy the intensely New York-oriented *News* disappears, just as it has disappeared from the paper's old exurban range. Once the "country" edition of the paper sold up to half a million throughout the East, mostly for its sports and its features. Today, it is hard to find it even (or especially) at such obvious places as the Washington National Airport.

There are plenty of other reasons why the *News*, along with all big-city papers, has to fight for its life. Television is the classic bête noire of the written press, of course. It has made its inroads in the guise of an information vehicle but in fact for its entertainment, the inroads being in the form of lost advertising, certainly not news scoops. The business

(Continues on page 976)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Abroad

Tokyo *The Japanese Crunch*

Japan's success in international markets at the expense of Western industrial nations has become an urgent topic of discussion between Japan and the West. Both in the European Common Market and in the United States, Japanese exports in a score of fields are increasingly blamed for recession and unemployment, and the specter of 1930s-style protectionism is being openly invoked. Few Western nations think that Japanese efforts so far at limiting exports or opening domestic markets to foreign goods have been serious or effective. A senior Japanese politician told the British, for example, that the solution was for Japanese investment in Britain to provide local employment. But, he was told, there are 25 Japanese factories in Britain already, the highest investment level in any country in the EEC, and last year the UK's trade deficit with Japan rose by 10.5 per cent, to $2 billion. The French Trade Minister told the Japanese that a "customs happening" would befall Japanese goods in the French market if there were no action taken in respect to European trade grievances. The Japanese for their part would like to satisfy their trading partners without losing the competitive advantages they have worked so hard to establish since the end of the Second World War, but they do not want to play the role of scapegoat for the Western countries' economic mistakes. Nevertheless it is clear that Japanese leaders of all viewpoints see the economic connection with the West as the bedrock of their policy and their prosperity. Their great fear is protectionism as a conditioned reaction. "Protectionism could exist for a while," says respected political figure Masumi Esaki. "But it is just like opium—the wish for more would increase. This would only result in retaliation, making it a serious political issue."

Marseilles *Worse Habits*

The use of heroin has jumped by an alarming two-thirds this year in France, largely among the unemployed, according to French narcotics-control officials. The type of heroin in commonest circulation is an inferior grade known as "number three," less refined than that usually produced for export from the Golden Triangle, and mixed with such additives as caffeine. Police think that the new substance comes from recently opened laboratories in Thailand or Malaysia. Most arrests for use of and traffic in heroin have been made among the ranks of factory workers and the unemployed. In the first three months of this year, 664 unemployed were taken into custody, twice as many as in the same period last year. One hopeful sign is that the number of overdoses has fallen—36 cases of death from drugs in the first three months of 1982 compared to 41 for 1981.

Paris *The Commune Again*

The opening shots in the battle of Paris have been reverberating around the *boulevards* and, although no blood has yet been shed, the fray promises to be fierce. The battle this time is over the proposal by President François Mitterrand's Socialist government to make each of the city's twenty *arrondissements* into separate and equal communes—just like Paris itself and every other city, town, and village in France. The idea is supposedly a follow-through on the government's proclaimed policy of decentralization of administrative power. But the mayor of Paris, the peppery Gaullist Jacques Chirac, doesn't see it that way. He, and many other Frenchmen, view it as a declaration of war against his authority, which he exercises well and cheerfully. Chirac has, in fact, become the leading opposition figure in the country, around whom a wide range of conservative and centrist forces have united against the Mitterrand government. If the *arrondissements*, which have been compared roughly to precincts, were to be turned into self-governing units, the power of the mayor would be greatly reduced, and conflict and confusion would, it is feared, invade the city administration. "I cannot believe that the government is seriously contemplating this project," Chirac commented. "It would split Paris into pieces and would increase the costs of running the city considerably." Chirac added that the plan "is totally contrary to the formal undertaking made by the president and the government ministers during the parliamentary debate on decentralization." But that was evidently before Chirac had emerged as the major political target of the Socialist Party. He is perceived, much more than former President Giscard d'Estaing, as Mitterrand's competition next time around.

Canberra *Put Out Another Flag*

A plan to remove the Union Jack from the Australian flag is causing a rumpus on this continent. The Australian Labor Party voted at a recent congress to design a new flag in time for the Australian bicentennial celebrations in 1988. This means in practice the elimination of the symbol of Britain in the upper left-hand corner of the banner. The rest of the flag consists of a dark blue ground patterned with the white stars of the Southern Cross. The Laborites would also ditch the present national anthem, which is the British "God Save the Queen," in an attempt to "decolonialize" the Australian national image. Conservative Prime Minister Malcolm Fraser reacted quickly and disapprovingly. "I would have thought," he said, "that Australians overwhelmingly would have enormous pride in the Australian flag. It's a flag a very large number of Australians have fought under for the liberty of Australia and peace in the Free World . . ."

Harris, Canada Rothco

"It must be just around one of these corners!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tomorrow and Tomorrow

MICHAEL NOVAK

Born-Again Bishops

"They have healed the wound of my people lightly, saying, 'Peace, peace,' when there is no peace." —Jeremiah 6:14

More than 210 of the 360 American Catholic bishops have been made bishops since 1965, the year the Second Vatican Council concluded. This was the era in which the "pastoral"—that is, *not* scholarly, *not* organizational—talents of candidates for the episcopacy were emphasized, and Thomism was abandoned for Scripture studies. Bishop Leroy Matthiesen of Amarillo explains that being in this new generation makes a difference: "I've seen a noticeable change in the hierarchy. The old-timers—there are less and less of those. I guess you can almost describe them as almost the hawkish kind of bishop."

The new generation of bishops is different from the old in how it thinks about peace. Many speak of being born again. Bishop Thomas Gumbleton of Detroit: "I would insist that opposition to nuclear arms, to violence, is a spiritual conversion, not a logical experience. This has happened within myself. It is the way Jesus loves us."

Gumbleton later reported: "I had one bishop tell me a few days ago that he had experienced what he called a conversion. 'It's a spiritual thing; I'm not sure what kicked it off,' he told me, 'but something made me realize that at the base of this [nuclear question] is faith.' "

Bishop Walter Sullivan of Richmond reports his own moment of conversion at a Knights of Columbus meeting in 1971: "I naïvely talked of peace. As I did I realized the hostility was growing stronger and stronger. So my talk became stronger and stronger. They were yelling at me. That's when the conversion came."

Bishop Raymond Lucker of New Ulm, Minnesota adds: "I was encouraged by fellow bishops' similar statements. It used to be that the couple of bishops who were vocal on peace issues were thought to be a little anti-American, a little funny. But now more of us realize that we can't on the one hand talk about being 'pro-life' on the abortion issue and not deal with the life issue of nuclear arms." (This is exactly why the Soviets called their recent conference the Moscow World Conference of Religious Workers for Saving the Sacred Gift of Life from Nuclear Catastrophe.)

"Surrender to the invader. Let yourself be dominated." Thus Bishop Gumbleton paraphrased Jeremiah 38 at a meeting in Los Angeles, calling the use of force in self-defense or in defense of others "un-Christlike. . . . We must defend against evil by goodness. . . . If that seems contrary to human reasoning, then human reasoning must go by the boards."

It may seem useless, then, to argue with born-again pacifists, to whom reasoning is meaningless. "I am not a pacifist," Bishop Sullivan says, "but I have always opposed the just-war theory as an excuse to go to war, mental gymnastics, casuistry of the worst sort."

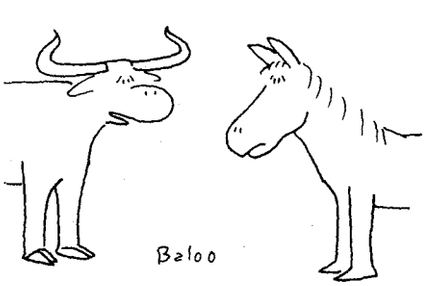
"Drive back the impending doom," Archbishop Raymond Hunthausen of Seattle prayed on Good Friday last, "so that we can look in each other's faces and see that there are no enemies."

Bishop Joseph Francis of Newark: "The Catholic community must support prophets like the Berrigans—not appointed and often not approved—who move the Church away from its oasis of safety into an uncharted wasteland."

Perhaps contemplating the United Nations, only in a more perfect version, Bishop Francis Quinn of Sacramento preaches a vision: "We must work toward a world body that will be made up of freely chosen representatives of all the nations of the world. This world body must not give veto power to the major nations or to any nations.

"And this world body must have a military force strong enough to insist that all the member nations of the world settle their disputes as intelligent beings should settle them, through negotiation and discussion.

"Each would preserve its sovereignty, but it would be for this world body, representing all of us, to enforce the peace. The world community would resemble the United States of America. Kentucky does not fight against Ohio, and Arizona does not invade New Mexico, because there is a federation of states under one freely established government which keeps the peace."



"Merrill Lynch just laid me off."

Bishop Hunthausen again: "As followers of Christ, we need to take up our cross in the nuclear age. I believe that one obvious meaning of the cross is unilateral disarmament."

Bishop Michael H. Kenny of Juneau faces the consequences: "As followers of the Lord whose naked image hangs before us on the cross, our kingdom is not of this world. We are a faith community, and whatever favor we receive from one government will not do us all that much good; whatever opposition and oppression we get from another government will not destroy us."

This new generation of Catholic bishops seems breathtakingly cavalier about the small fragile band of democracies left in the world, about the fate of its flock, about oppression. We are asked not to reason with them, but to be "converted," presumably from the faith of our fathers.

Ronald Knox once identified this way of thinking as *enthusiasm*. Am I wrong to think that if these had been the bishops at the time of the Reformation, we would all be Anabaptists now, and the Catholic tradition of reason and realism lost forever?

No doubt, these are good men and true. But there is no arguing with them. One can only wait for them to be deconverted, as once they were converted. In this, how are they different from Moonies? □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There Is No Big Mo

The Real Campaign: How the Media Missed the Story of the 1980 Campaign
By Jeff Greenfield
Summit Books, 319 pp., $15.95

JOSEPH SOBRAN

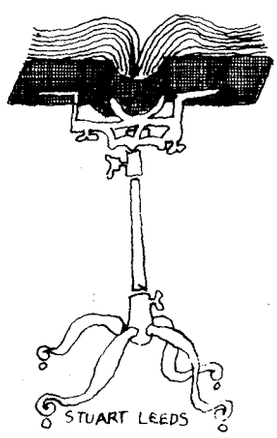
You remember 1980. It started in 1979, with the Great Hostage Crisis. There's Jimmy Carter, looking presidential but troubled. There's Teddy, revving up for the big run. There's Ronald Reagan, aging Republican front-runner. There's George Bush, tying on his track shoes. There's John Anderson, who says Reagan is too extreme to win. And there's Jerry Ford, who sort of agrees about Reagan, but can't decide whether to join the race . . .

And they're off! It's Reagan charging ahead. Teddy stumbles! Now Bush closes in . . . he's got Big Mo . . . Tom Pettit of NBC says Reagan's out of the race! Finished! But no . . . here comes Reagan again. Now it's Anderson nosing ahead in Massachusetts. Carter is standing still in the White House, but leading . . . He says he may get the hostages back this primary day—a bluff! Kennedy picks himself up and gains fast, fast, but not fast enough. Now it's down to Reagan, Carter, and Anderson. Reagan and Carter are neck and neck. Carter is a no-show for the first debate; Reagan holds his pace, Anderson gaining but still far back. Reagan commits a *gaffe*! And another! Can he last? Reagan and Carter debate . . . a phone poll showing Reagan the big gainer is disqualified . . . unscientific . . . It looks like a dead heat . . . and it's *Reagan*, with 44 states!

Well, the pundits hadn't predicted the results very well, but that didn't affect their confidence that they could analyze the outcome for us once it had happened. What were their qualifications? Experience. Dave Broder here has been watching elections for a long time. So has Lou Cannon. Tony Lewis may have called Cambodia wrong, but that wasn't actually an election, so you can't hold it against him.

Anyway, all these certified experts agreed on one thing: *Reagan hadn't got a mandate*. The election was a lot closer than it had looked to the untrained eye. He'd only gotten 28-point-something per cent of the eligible voters' votes—a novel criterion, maybe, but the press experts have long known how to come up with novel criteria, for a need. (You remember Watergate.) Reagan was long on "ideology," which these men were blessedly free of, but he would come up against "reality" soon enough. It took these old hands to interpret the whole phantasmagoria for us.

Hogwash, says Jeff Greenfield in *The Real Campaign*. The press had misunderstood and misrepresented the whole race. It had shown the nation a dreamlike serial of unconnected events, with candidates and polls and factors and issues coming and going like wraiths in an amphetamine haze. Meanwhile, under the surface flux that hypnotized the media, a different, and very traditional, campaign was progressing. Reagan understood this and was winning all along. Carter didn't understand and tried to base his campaign on media stunts that insulted the intelligence of the voters: hinting that the hostages would soon be home from Iran, invoking Amy's qualms about nuclear proliferation. (Amy was Carter's Checkers.)



Greenfield sees that Reagan was telling the voters what they really wanted to know: namely, how they would be governed by him. Jimmy Carter didn't seem to be able to promise anything but more of same: namely, the kind of desperate improvisation that had marked most of his term in office. Conventional wisdom had it that candidates should duck the issues, but this was wrong. All men, as Aristotle observed, naturally desire to know. That includes voters, who are by no means the elastic and manipulable men posited by the theories of media sages. Even fooling all of the people some of the time requires a certain dexterity.

Reagan's campaign was informed by a definite philosophy that transcended all the "gaffes" to which media pundits attached so much importance. Most people make gaffes themselves, and they don't faint when a politician makes one too. Carter made plenty of his own, but it was misgovernment, and not lapses of etiquette, that brought him down.

As in his last book, *Playing to Win*, Greenfield shows a realistic faith in the electorate. They pursue their own interests, on the whole, morally, rationally, and intelligently, and Reagan had patiently built up a strong national base over many years by speaking

Jeffrey Brodrick *is a freelance writer living in Boston. . . .* **Francis B. Randall** *is a professor of Russian history and Communist studies at Sarah Lawrence College. . . .* **J. O. Tate** *teaches English at Dowling College on Long Island. . . .* **Terry Teachout** *is jazz critic for the* Kansas City Star.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to them with respect. His skills as a "communicator" are basically old-fashioned: he gives a good speech. No magic, no charisma, no gimmicks. Unlike Carter, he realized that 1980 was a crossroads: Americans had to decide on what principles they wanted to be governed, not merely which candidate was, in a narrow sense, more "qualified."

All very reassuring, and the debunking of the media mystique is long overdue. Yet it is hard to dismiss the suspicion that the mass media have drastically changed our national self-consciousness, even if not in the ways the politicians and anchormen assume. We live in a different element now, if not a "global village" then at least in relations of an immediacy once unknown, with an awareness of distant people that may create compassion or contempt, but not indifference. Television has surely helped to politicize us far more than we were used to.

Maybe the real impact of the media is both profound and diffuse in such a way as not to lend itself to short-term manipulation. That would let Greenfield's thesis stand, without excluding the possibility that the media are still more important than he suggests. In the end one wishes that he had documented his case a little less thoroughly and pursued the larger speculations that call for a mind like his to do them justice. □

China: Alive in the Bitter Sea
By Fox Butterfield
Times Books, 468 pp., $19.95

EVERYBODY WOULD LEAVE

FRANCIS B. RANDALL

The patrician Fox Butterfield was the first *New York Times* reporter to be permitted to live and work in Communist China. From 1979 to 1981 he was based in Peking and traveled as far as Sinkiang and Tibet. Now he has written what is generally and rightly judged to be the best single book on life in China today, which in his own key word he found "bitter."

This is not a general introduction to China. It requires a good knowledge of the geography and twentieth century history of China, and of its Communist system, before one starts it. It is about *life* in China, about all that Butterfield saw and all that he was told by Chinese who found out that he could speak their language. Dozens of them risked much to seek him out and unburden themselves to him about their shattered hopes and wrecked lives. One young woman was dragged off by the guards as she was talking to him. Others disappeared after contacting him once too often. Two dozen, at least, will be tracked down now that this book is out, in spite of pseudonyms and altered details, and will pay for what they have told—if not in blood, then with long years of shoveling manure in remote peasant villages. There is something sacred about a book which so many people have suffered so much to give to us.

THERE is no systematic analysis here, but endless anecdotes—in the highest sense of the word—about life under the System. The generalizations to be drawn from these anecdotes are all sound and all well known: China is still dreadfully poor; its Communist bureaucracy is still chaotically inefficient; etc. It is the vignettes of so many bitter lives that are terrible and unforgettable, and movingly illustrative of these generalizations. The anecdotes are roughly grouped in chapters on handling foreigners, on sex, women, youth, children, on agriculture, industry, the system of controls, the Chinese Gulag, etc., but they give the impression of pouring forth—hundreds of pages—under an agonized compulsion to tell all, like the Ancient Mariner.

What happened to Butterfield himself was a series of farces that were windows to tragedy. When he made a phone call, even to a government office, no one would identify himself or his office; all would fearfully try to work information out of the caller while giving none. He was himself subjected to a mini-"re-education" session full of screaming accusations after a blundering official had bought a train ticket for him which he had specifically declined; it worked—Butterfield eventually paid for the ticket. The Peking police clutched at him as a mysteriously demented Chinese woman used his name and card to order huge banquets in fancy restaurants for which no one showed up.

The anecdotes about women and youth are the least farcical and most terrible. His stories of widespread rape of young women by Party officials and their no-good sons (the women are beaten if they complain) are compelling. The only sex manual he found in China stated, "Newlyweds will have very, very frequent sex . . . once every three to seven days." "China has not yet developed a tampon either. During their menstrual period Chinese women make do with a roll of coarse greyish toilet paper. . . ." A dragoness on a street committee told him, "We assign a person to keep track of each woman's menstrual cycle. If someone misses her period . . . we tell her to have an abortion. There isn't room for liberalism on such an issue." In overpopulated China, liberalism means *not* forcing abortions on women.

China admits it now has 120 million illiterates under 45. One 16-year-old girl told Butterfield, "I don't like to go to the zoo. . . . It reminds me of how we Chinese are trapped." Or again, "'Well, son,' the father explained, 'Communism is like the horizon. The more you approach it, the farther it recedes.'" Or again, "'Life in China is dull, so dull,' Mrs. Wang exclaimed. 'It's why young people get in trouble.'" Or again, an interpreter volunteers, "Do you know what we do with homosexuals here in China? We shoot them." The left-handed Butterfield discovered a form of Communist tyranny not hitherto commented on: they crush all left-handers into becoming right-handed—but the Chinese have done so "for centuries."

Butterfield's own unrelenting bitterness and some autobiographical passages suggest that he, too, once thought well of Mao's China, probably when studying it at Harvard under Professor John Fairbank, and it died hard for him. He is still soft on Mao's early rule in the 1950s: he says, "The Communists have largely abolished the brutal poverty and starvation that afflicted China before 1949," and "average life expectancy has jumped from 32 years before Liberation [*sic*!] to 64 years now." So the Communists told him. He thinks only three million people were executed in the early Communist years. (Others suggest ten or twenty million victims.) But he judges the Great Cultural Revolution to have been a desperate horror, while citing only 34,000 dead of it. This may not be good history, but it reflects current Chinese sentiment, which displaces all the horrors of Communist

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ONCE UPON A TIME, long, long ago, we had what we thought was a very good idea, which was: Why not ask our own readers to help us find *new* readers. Heavens no! said wiser heads than ours (we were very new at this kind of thing), that's just plain asking too much of *anybody*. Oho, we answered, but our readers *aren't* just anybody, and we can't broadcast invitations like mass-circulation magazines and take on anyone who answers. No, the people we must look for are people very much like the readers we already have—people with similar ideas and outlook, tastes and values—the very ones, it seems logical to assume, who are much better known to *you* than to us, because they are your friends and relations and business associates, etc. And Lo these many years we have asked our readers to do us this favor: to rrriiippp out a postcard (just like the one facing this page) and use it to introduce some worthy friend to NR—give it to him with your recommendation, or use it to send an introductory gift subscription. And you have: thousands of you have done this simple but invaluable favor for us (some of you many, many times!). Without that kind of help from you, NR could never have become what indeed it has become—one of America's most influential publications. Influence someone *you* know today. As we so often say, just use the card facing this page today!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rule onto Mao's last, mad revolutionary campaign. And he implies that most Western visitors to China have been taken into camp, while he is first to bring the terrible tidings.

But it is futile to shake a finger at the Ancient Mariner, to complain of imbalance, of faulty tone, of bitterness. These are of course not the first terrible tidings from Communist China, but they make the jaw drop. This is an extraordinary book. It ends with a Chinese telling him in the plane as they leave, "If China ever opened its doors, everybody would go. To the United States." □

The Graves of Academe
By Richard Mitchell
Little, Brown, 229 pp., $11.95

THE SHADOW KNOWS

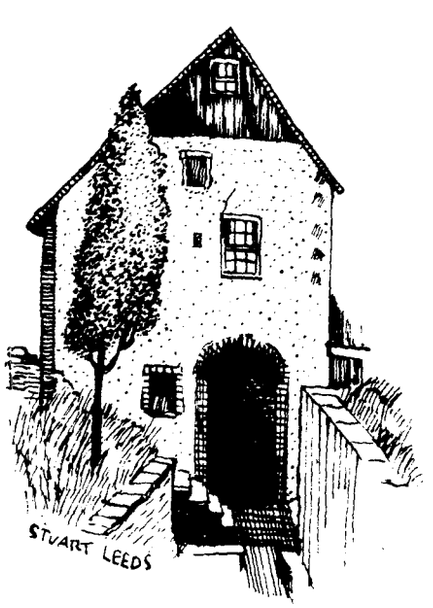
J. O. TATE

Richard Mitchell, a professor of English at Glassboro State College, is well known as "the Underground Grammarian." He is the fearsome fellow who writes things like this: "Are those 'public school oriented teachers' actually teachers in public schools, or could they be teachers *anywhere* who just happen to be obsessed with thinking about the public schools? Could they even be teachers who face in the direction of the public schools?"

Mr. Mitchell smites the Philistines hip and thigh, and with their own weapon: the jargon of an ass. But let him describe his functions himself: "*The Underground Grammarian* . . . has been accurately enough described as a journal of radical, academic terrorism. It is radical because it seeks in language the root of thoughtlessness that more and more seems to characterize our culture. It is academic both because the tenor of the study to which it subjects the work of its victims is scholastic and because it finds the most egregious examples of mindless and mendacious babble neither in the corporations nor in the Congress but in the schools. It is terrorist because it exploits the fear many academics feel when they know that their words might appear in print before the eyes of the public."

Now with the publication of *The Graves of Academe*, however, Mitchell has broadened his aims. No longer content with fielding (like so many fungos) isolated specimens of gobbledygook, he addresses himself to that self-perpetuating establishment, the American public-school system. He sees that the Higher Illiteracy is no accident; alert to systems, he would analyze the cause.

Mitchell is not "tolerant"; he is not "broadminded"; he is not kind. His study of American education is not, in the unscholarly use of the term, historical, nor is it jelled in the aspic of theory. He gives us no footnotes, no bibliography. What he has written is an *essai* in the old sense, a meditation, an inquiry addressed from one mind to another. As he says, "The arts that are at once the means and ends of education, knowing, thinking, understanding, judging, are all committed in solitude. It is only in *a* mind that the work of the mind can be done. There is no such thing as 'collective thinking.' Our schools can be an instrument for socialization or an incentive to thoughtfulness, but they cannot be both. . . . At the root of our widespread and institutionalized illiteracy is a fevered commitment to socialization and an equally unhealthy hostility to the solitary, and thus probably antisocial, work of the mind."



Mitchell's mental work shows up the pseudo-science engendered by Wilhelm Max Wundt: an abandonment of teaching and learning for "behavior modification." He demonstrates the disorder bequeathed by the 1913 National Education Association Commission on the Reorganization of Secondary Education. In the name of a "humanism" which he insists is really "humanisticism," the *Cardinal Principles of Secondary Education* haunts us to this day. Health, Worthy Home Membership, Civics Education, Worthy Use of Leisure, and Ethical Character still dominate the schooling that our schools provide instead of education.

Mitchell's home truths about foreign-

RANDOM NOTES

■ LAST OF JULY: *The Angry West* (Houghton Mifflin, $14.95), by Governor Richard Lamm and Michael McCarthy, is an excellent, finely written expression of the sentiments of Westerners and their representatives in the face of unparalleled regional development. (Lamm, a Democrat, is Chief Executive of the state of Colorado.)

■ LAST AUGUST TITLES: In *The Coming Boom: Economic, Political, and Social* (Simon & Schuster, $15.50), Herman Kahn argues that President Reagan's policies can be expected to pull us out of the present slump; and further (with Gilderesque optimism) that the American ideology can be successfully overhauled.

In *Gunning for Justice* (Doubleday, $19.95) Gerry Spence—the brilliant, redoubtable Wyoming trial lawyer—with Anthony Polk, has produced a fascinating autobiography concentrating on three of his best-known battles: two Wyoming murder trials and Kerr-McGee (the Karen Silkwood case).

■ MORE SEPTEMBER TITLES: Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s newest book is *Atlantic High* (Doubleday, $22.50), an account of his cruise across the Atlantic on the 71-foot ketch *Sealestial*. Admirers of *Airborne* will know what they are in for. (Photographs by Christopher Little.)

When the Going Was Good: American Life in the Fifties (Crown, $14.95), by Jeffrey Hart, is no ordinary history of the decade but rather a collage, juxtaposing Eisenhower, Jackson Pollock, Rogers and Hammerstein, Nixon, Jack Kramer, Mickey Mantle, T. S. Eliot, Rock, and TV in a demonstration that it was an exciting thing to be alive in the (supposedly) dull Fifties.

Stephan Lesher's *Media Unbound: The Impact of Television Journalism on the Public* (Houghton Mifflin, $13.95) claims that journalism has always been inexact, superficial, and biased, but that television has expanded its enormities. —CW

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

language study reveal the assumptions that determine curriculum: "The ideological distortion that can twist the study of literature into the inculcation of right emotional response just won't work with the study of irregular verbs. . . . Foreign-language study has been constantly a victim of propaganda. Because it is not reducible to appreciation, and especially because it requires such antihumanistic behavior as memorization, it has become widely known as a 'hard' subject, which is furthermore tainted with elitism."

Similarly, Mitchell sees through "holistic grading," as puffed by the National Council of Teachers of English. "To fuss about organization, punctuation, diction, and spelling is the bad old negative approach that caused the whole flap to begin with. . . . This slick hustle, designed not only to deceive the taxpayers about the state of student writing but also to make the grading of compositions one hell of a lot easier, may appropriately be called many things, but 'holistic' isn't one of them. 'Contemptuous,' however, is one of them. . . . It is also unmistakably to imply that mastery of good writing is not important."

FOR THOSE allergic to "problem-solving in the content area" and "transpersonal teaching," Mitchell offers a bracing whiff of clarity. He reminds us that "Educationalists are always entertaining. We can always find a good laugh in their prose, with its special, ludicrous combination of ignorance and pretentiousness." Such cheering advice can be useful when we are confronted with "interfacing," "feedback/feedforward," and subsidized graduate credit for the "remediation" of English teachers with "writing problems." What does it signify when a professor of English says, "Grammar is elitism"? The Underground Grammarian, like the Shadow, knows.

The Graves of Academe should be read by every concerned citizen: it offers instruction and consolation to the confused, the misled, and the outraged. But Mitchell, realizing profoundly the consequences of the corruption of learning and language, offers no solutions. "Problems" are always referred (along with gouts of public money) to the monolith responsible for them—to those who profess what must be remediated and remediate what has been professed. Reason, apparently, takes us only so far. Flannery O'Connor advised that "The devil of Educationism that possesses us is the kind that can be 'cast out only by prayer and fasting.'" Richard Mitchell, by writing a Guide to the Perplexed, has proved himself more sage than scourge. □

Dutch Shea Jr.
By John Gregory Dunne
Linden, 352 pp., $15.95

DOOMTOWN

JEFFREY BRODRICK

That body over there that just blew up—that's Dutch Shea Jr.'s daughter, or what's left of her. Dutch is our hero for this one. Who's his favorite person? The one joy in his life? His daughter, of course, except she just blew up in the first sentence. Terrorists got her in a restaurant. Dutch made the reservation. And just so you know where we're heading—we're going *down*. Welcome to John Gregory Dunne country: Catholics, pimps, arsonists, bad fate.

As befits a book whose climax is in its first sentence, Dunne presents not so much a plot that unfolds as a character that unravels. Once the bomb goes off we do little more than follow the vibrations, the shudders, through Dutch's head. Dutch doesn't blow up, he collapses inward for the remaining 352 pages of the novel. Dutch Shea Jr. is broken from page one. He's a cooked bird and he doesn't even care.

At the same time, nonetheless, Dutch is one very cool cuke, one of the coolest, most offbeat heroes since—well, it's as if Holden Caulfield got tough and went to law school after running numbers for the mob for twenty years and working out in Harlem. Dunne's strongest character to date? That's like calling Willie Mays the best outfielder the Giants ever had. Dutch Shea Jr. is an inverted powerhouse who's in total control in the courtroom. He wins cases for absurd pimps. He dismantles prosecution witnesses effortlessly. Nothing fazes this guy: he's untouchable, he never flinches. Try this one on for size: could you appear in court and defend someone who tried to murder you? Dutch does. There's more. His girlfriend's the judge. He visits her in her judge's chambers. "Not in my chambers," she protests. Yes, in the judge's chambers.

Dutch Shea Jr. was born to take the rap just like his father. Is this why we love him? Because he acquiesces in his fate, a loser by choice, utterly resigned and without ambition or malice? Dutch remembers too much for his own good. I am a victim of memory, he says. "All my sweethearts were supposed to protect me against memory." He likes to snoop out oddball details so as to block his bad memories. He sneaks into the restroom in the courthouse, props his feet up on the side of the stall so they can't be seen, and eavesdrops on the other lawyers.

Dutch takes care of his memories. He keeps a tape that he made one night to prove to his ex-wife that she snored. Most of his memories are about his wife and the affair she had and his father, who committed suicide. They visit him every other second, it seems, these memories, and he can't kick them out—he makes love to his girlfriend and thinks about his wife. You could make a board game out of this novel, there are so many subliminal mysteries loose in Dutch's head. Everybody is connected. Dunne has created a sinister and incestuous web.

In fact this may be one of those works more brilliant than it is entertaining or even feasible: like listening to the Sex Pistols for more than twenty seconds—genius, okay, but why hurt yourself? Dunne is playing with magnets, never letting them touch. The tension in Dutch's head over his wife is mindboggling. But it's all in his head. He never sees her. They do fight on the telephone every night. God, to have them meet—the pages would spark up.

DUTCH almost spoils the novel for us. It is such a weird book: at once thriller, comedy, farce, absurdly sleazy and morose. When he released his delightful collection of essays, *Quintana & Friends*, in 1978, Dunne confessed to being a mimic from an early age. This talent shows up here in the form of some hip, scatological dialogue, wacky, vivid voices, and more livewire characters than in any one novel since Thackeray: underworld, underbelly riffraff to the max. A gangster just out of the slammer tells Dutch he wants to date his ex-wife. "You wouldn't have her number, would you, Dutch?" When Dutch defends a woman facing manslaughter charges for running over a baby with a power mower it's clear some contradictory instincts are at work:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dunne the Hollywood pro is unable to stop himself from turning out a little skit for us. Should we be laughing? Or comparing John Gregory Dunne to Faulkner for writing the best first 42 pages of any novel in the last ten years?

Yet ultimately Dunne just wears us down. It's not that there's too much doom, but too much interior. Unlike *True Confessions*, not enough people absorb the madness; the tensions are played out internally. As it is, it's a whole novel given to one man's ruin. □

Facing the Music
By Harold Schonberg
Summit, 464 pp., $17.95

A Virgil Thomson Reader
By Virgil Thomson
Houghton Mifflin, 582 pp., $25

Music of Three More Seasons, 1977-1980
By Andrew Porter
Knopf, 613 pp., $22.95

THREE WAYS OF LOOKING AT A CONCERT

TERRY TEACHOUT

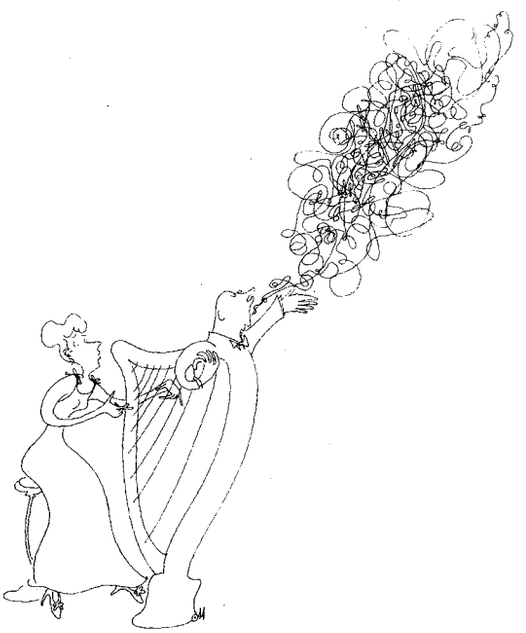
Music criticism is a most peculiar business. It can't be done competently without a great deal of technical knowledge; and so it sometimes attracts failed artists looking for a way to make a living and vent their accumulated spleen at the same time. It shouldn't be done at all without an insider's knowledge of the composer's art and the performer's craft; but the average music critic, having spent his younger years burrowing through dusty library stacks or writing about burglaries and school-board meetings for the local paper while attending an occasional concert on the side, rarely measures up. Musicians hate it, irate subscribers seem to stay up half the night drafting scatological letters about it—but everybody, or nearly everybody, reads it if they have any interest at all in music. And some people, unlikely as it may seem, even do a good job of writing it.

As it happens, three of America's best-known and most distinguished music critics have chosen more or less simultaneously to bring out collections of their work. In two cases, the collections are retrospectives: Harold C. Schonberg retired from his post as senior music critic of the *New York Times* year before last, while Virgil Thomson abandoned the daily grind back in 1954. (Andrew Porter, who came to *The New Yorker* in 1972, remains active today, although he has been sharing the load of late with Nicholas Kenyon.) Needless to say, comparisons are inevitable; but, in the present case, they also turn out to be quite instructive, since the three writers in question approach their task in the most radically differing ways imaginable.

Harold C. Schonberg, whose *Facing the Music* is a collection of 86 Sunday pieces written during the author's two-decade tenure as the *Times*'s principal reviewer, was the very model of the critic-as-journalist: a writer who gloried in tight deadlines, shunned the company of musicians, abhorred most modern music, and (like Samuel Butler) claimed to dismiss the niceties of a carefully polished literary style as a snare and a delusion. The articles in *Facing the Music* faithfully reflect Mr. Schonberg's critical priorities; they are performance-oriented, factually informative, and consistently readable. If you're looking for a good five-page introduction to, say, the music of Max Reger or the legend of Rosa Ponselle, written in a prose that crackles with ebullient vulgarity and guaranteed not to stray very far from the midcult point of view, Schonberg is your man. If, on the other hand, you're wondering why the *New York Times* was willing for twenty years to leave the responsibility of setting the tone for the musical coverage of the country's most important newspaper in the hands of a man whose idea of a good Sunday think-piece was "Don't Sneer at Puccini's Horse Opera" or "Then Miss Bingley Sat at the Pianoforte"—well, you'll find no satisfactory answers in *Facing the Music*.

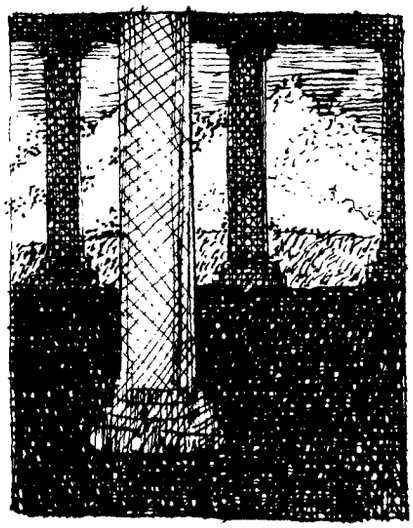
Mr. Schonberg's book does, however, contain one interesting revelation: it would seem that the senior music critic of the *New York Times* had little use for the former music critic of the *New York Herald Tribune*. "Virgil Thomson," Schonberg writes, "once said that he could review his own grandmother, and it would make no difference. I was skeptical about that statement then and I remain skeptical now . . . most of the critics [on the *Herald Tribune* during Thomson's tenure] were composers, and some of them jockeyed shamelessly to get their music played."

As far as Thomson himself was concerned, that was putting it mildly. "I thought perhaps my presence in a post so prominent might stimulate performance of my works," he cheerfully confesses in his memoirs, and he wasn't kidding in the least; in the course of 14 years at the paper, Thomson puffed his friends, reviewed concerts at which his music was played, remained active as a composer and an occasional performer, and generally carried on with a minimum of scruple whenever he could get away with it. (B. H. Haggin once claimed that Thomson's favorite phrase was "In a performance of this writer's cantata," although some would plump for "There was a piece of mine on the program, too.")



Had Thomson been the musical voice of a one-paper town, such conduct would have been, to say the least, reprehensible; but half a dozen dailies were covering the New York musical scene during the Forties, and even when Thomson's review was the last word about a concert, it was rarely the *only* one. So it was usually possible to ignore such irritating matters as Thomson's friendships, prejudices, financial interests, or knack for falling

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



asleep at boring concerts, and concentrate on the important thing: the stimulating, elegantly expressed output of a highly opinionated composer's mind.

For Virgil Thomson, whatever his failings as a reliable chronicler of the musical scene—a reviewer, if you will—was, and is, a peerless *critic*. His opinions were frequently wrong-headed, of course: he called Schnabel's Beethoven meretricious, Toscanini an incomplete musician, Britten's *Peter Grimes* "musically pretty weak," Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* "a work which this reviewer has long preferred reading or thinking about to actually hearing." He wore his musical prejudices (pro-French, anti-German) on his sleeve. But all his writings derived from a consistent and considered musical aesthetic; and everything he had to say was invariably couched in a vigorous, brightly lighted prose unrivaled by any reviewer in the English language outside of Shaw. A first-rate composer with the literary style of a born author, Thomson was made to be a music critic; and, given the state of music criticism in America, one is thus inclined to wonder why any domestic newspaper put up with him for a week, much less a decade and a half.

A Virgil Thomson Reader, brought out in time for Thomson's 85th birthday, contains an extensive cross-section of his prose output: lengthy excerpts from *The State of Music* and *Virgil Thomson*, two hundred pages of *Herald Tribune* reviews, 19 post-*Tribune* essays, recent interviews with Thomson by John Rockwell and Diana Trilling, and a few of Thomson's earlier pieces. One could have done without the early articles as well as one or two of the later essays (particularly the one in which Thomson, attempting to come to terms with modern jazz, says of alto saxophonist Charlie Parker that "the tenor sax was his instrument," a mistake not untypical of his occasional forays into jazz commentary and exegesis) in favor of more material from the *Herald Tribune* period; but in general, Thomson's own selection from his critical writings could hardly have been better, and *A Virgil Thomson Reader* deserves all of the lavish praise it has been receiving.

Had Thomson not found a place at the *Herald Tribune*, Janet Flanner was pushing hard to have him appointed music critic of *The New Yorker*. Three decades later, Andrew Porter—the man widely considered to be Thomson's successor as the best critic around—flew over from London to spend a trial season at *The New Yorker*. That was in 1972; ten years and three volumes of collected reviews have gone by, and Porter is still doing business at the same old stand. There are more than a few people who subscribe to *The New Yorker* today just to read "Musical Events," too; for Andrew Porter is, though in a fashion altogether different from Thomson, a truly exemplary music critic.

What makes Porter's work so special? The forum helps: a weekly article without space restrictions or pressing deadlines in which he can write about whatever suits him. His own erudition, legendary among colleagues, is another factor; and, of course, Porter writes like a British familiar essayist rather than a stateless polyglot musicologist, a rare distinction in his profession. Most of all, though, Porter is different because he views his job differently. A Porter review is, in his own words, "part descriptive chronicle, part essay in which a particular performance may be viewed as the latest addition to the long history of a work and, more personally, to a critic's experience of it." With such a conception of the critic's function—and with the equipment to fulfill so ambitious a conception—it stands to reason that Andrew Porter should reign supreme in his field.

Porter's latest collection, *Music of Three More Seasons*, brings his running chronicle of musical life in America and abroad up to August 1980. It contains pieces on the first performances of Sir Michael Tippett's opera *The Ice Break*; on Boulez's *Pli selon pli*; on operatic performances in St. Louis, Missouri and Bloomington, Indiana; on the San Francisco and Metropolitan productions of Britten's *Billy Budd*; and on scores of other important topics, all of them handled accurately and perceptively. One *learns* from Porter's books, and his latest one is no exception. If Virgil Thomson was the ideal critic-as-composer, teeming with freshly minted musical insights, then Andrew Porter is the ideal critic-as-teacher, with every musical fact known to man (or so it seems) at his fingertips and ready to be imparted, without the least hint of academic dryness. It should therefore go without saying that *Music of Three More Seasons* is an infinitely rewarding source book that belongs in the hands of serious music lovers everywhere. □

FILM

COMEDY OF BAD MANNERS

JOHN SIMON

There is a rejoicing in heaven—and certainly on earth—when a new cinema takes off, as the Australian one has been doing for the last few years. Where, for a long time, there was next to nothing, suddenly there are movies with wings to circle the earth, directors to hearken to and gape at. Though the most popular of the new filmmakers, Peter Weir (*Picnic at Hanging Rock*, *The Last Wave*, *Gallipoli*), is also the most absurdly overrated, there are Fred Schepisi and Bruce Beresford, each with at least one masterwork to his name, and several others who bear pleasurable watching and waiting for. Now we have an earlier Beresford film, *Don's Party* (1976), finally reaching us, and although it is not quite a *Breaker Morant*, it is a damned absorbing piece of work.

The time is October 25, 1969, in a suburb of Sydney, on the night of the general election. Gough Whitlam's Labor Party has an excellent chance of upsetting the long-incumbent Liberal Party (actually the conservatives) through a coalition of labor, the intelligentsia, and the radical fringe of the bourgeoisie. Nevertheless, as we see on a television screen in Don's house ear-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ly on, John Grey Gorton, the leader of the Liberal Party, is confident of victory almost to the point of cockiness. Don, an easy-going teacher and would-be novelist, and Kath, his put-upon but coping wife, are giving a party to watch their party—Labor—win the election. In the event, Labor loses, and Don's party is a fiasco: marriages, relationships, even the house and surrounding garden are wrecked, or nearly; in a strange, funny-sad way it is as if Australia were reaffirming its bumbling, crassly subaltern status on both political and social levels, its post-colonial and postcoital lassitude.

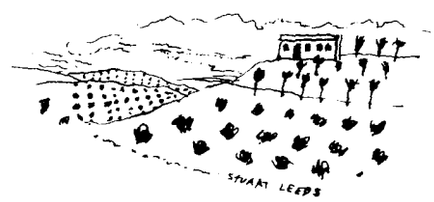
At the party, liquor and lechery overflow their banks; but the sex is unfulfilled or unfulfilling, and the verities the booze flushes out of their hiding are anything but comforting. No one is what he pretends to be, nothing is as it seems: every marriage or other nexus is worse than it appears, though each appears pretty bad. The relationships—like that between Cooley, the lawyer and lecher, and his date, the 19-year-old vaguely bisexual nymphomaniac Susan—are all equally precarious. The marriage between the bright but fatuous Mal, a psychologist who has flunked out of academe into business, and his smart but plain wife, Jenny, is sustained only by the money they can make or borrow and spend. Even the great galumphing bonding among the men friends is merely a spurious chumminess glossing over envy, vindictiveness, and radiant gloating over every setback your buddy incurs.

It is hard to convey the remarkable quality of *Don's Party*; call it a steady laughter out of the wrong side of the mouth. Based on a play by David Williamson, Australia's premier playwright—who, in turn, based it on the breakup of his own marriage—the film is kindred in spirit to our own *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* But despite a few lesbian overtones, it is a raucously heterosexual world, in cannily crafted microcosmic shape, that is here going to the dogs—relatively harmless dogs, if you like, their bite almost totally superseded by their bark. But the displaced bite, lodged in the envious, rancorous, and (in most cases) benighted brain, wreaks its devastation inward. And its food—its soul food—is failure.

How these characters chomp, suck, feast on failure! Not, to be sure, their own failures—as when Evan, the scowling dentist, discovers Cooley humping Kerry, his artsy, provoking wife, or when Mal finds himself coolly rejected by this same Kerry—but the failures of others: spouses or lovers, best friends, or even someone barely met and known just well enough to feel superior to. Even Kath, the hard-working, sensible wife and manifestly caring mother (to a baby saturninely oblivious to the chaos around it), derives a perverse thrill from watching Cooley get a beating from Evan—well deserved, but still quite barbarous. And how all the rest lap up spats between other couples, how they gobble up alien misery as if it were finger sandwiches.

NOT THAT there are finger sandwiches at Don's party. There are unsubtle pizzas, bulky sausages that get burned while Don, the cook, dallies with Susan, the teenaged cookie, and lots of junk food that is spilled on the floor along with dashed sexual hopes. The wit is funny, very funny, but it is administered with a bludgeon or, in rare moments of refinement, with a broadsword. The rapier and stiletto are reserved for Williamson's ironies and Beresford's direction. It isn't easy to make a movie out of a play, a play almost wholly confined to a small house and garden, but Beresford and his gifted cameraman, Don McAlpine, make the confined area into a mighty, multifarious battleground; if necessary, they use even the pictures on the wall to extend and comment on the infighting.

They picked a real house and coaxed the available space to create oddly dislocating perspectives through cunning camera angles, dizzyingly varied atmosphere through jaunty changes of décor from room to room. Thus pipe-smoking Simon, the plodding political neutralist who works in plastics, often watches his blonde, blandly Liberal Party wife, Jody, being drawn into more interesting conversations with other men; here racked focus and an occasional zoom shot work wonders in positing distances and differences between people in physical proximity. And the way Simon keeps popping up suddenly in camera range, or the way he is maneuvered into corners, and how he is once even wedged through a gauntlet of hanging lamps—these are marvelously graphic ways of establishing his fifth-wheelishness. When forced to leave without his wife, he rouses himself to whatever dignity and contempt he can muster in his ghastly safari outfit, and hurls this impotent Parthian shot: "I must say I didn't realize that university-educated people could be so bloody uncouth!" Though the others laugh derisively, there is a wistful, bottom-line truth to the remark.



Yet it is this very uncouthness that drives his oh-so-refined Jody into attempted sex with the vulgarian Mack, who wears a metal mug on a chain around his neck—a latter-day Prometheus chained to the thing that eats his liver—and who, at one point, enacts a particularly Rabelaisian pantomime. But Mack passes out when expected to perform; it is as if Labor could never hit it off with the Liberal Party, let alone get on top of it. Says Jody: "There is nothing wrong with a discussion, but I don't think people should argue with people they don't agree with." *There* is true genteelness for you, and there, if you will, is the end of the two-party system. And, true enough, the 11 partyers discuss very little; they chiefly needle, insult, and jocundly humiliate one another. When Kerry, the languorously sensual, provokingly supercilious wife of the teeth-on-edge dentist, decides (having icily turned down the smug and horny Mal) to bed down with Cooley, she does so virtually in a spirit of condescension, ironically challenging him to prove his virility—if he can.

Beresford's direction abounds in splendidly assured touches. Thus when Cooley and Kerry are about to hit the sack, he cross-cuts between them, undressing. At a frantic pace and in extreme close-up, a male and female garment are alternately torn off, the man and woman each stripping him or herself. Appropriately, this creates frenzy without eroticism. Or when Susan and all the men except Simon end up skinnydipping in the neighbors' pool, Don, even more sanguine than the others, has jumped in with his untoward tuxedo and brown shoes on. Beresford shoots from below water level, and by mixing the nude bodies with the one ludicrously attired one, and by showing only headless bodies, conveys magisterially the farce of sex without its force. And what flawlessly foolish, dazzlingly pit-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eous performances he has obtained from all.

As the film progresses toward its sobering conclusion, Don, the teacher whose novel never got finished, and Mal, the academician who lapsed into capitalist commerce despite his vociferous socialism—two best friends—taunt each other ever more drunkenly and destructively, though always in the guise of friendly kidding: "Now, don't take this as an insult, fellow, but you're a stupid turd." Crapulously, they offer each other their respective wives, right under the latters' indignant noses. When the wives angrily refuse, the men, lacking even the courage of their swinishness, pretend it was all a joke. By this time, the camera has long since given up switching periodically to the TV screen for election news; Labor has lost, love's (and lust's) labor's lost, and the world is well lost. When, at dawn, Kath, holding the baby, summons Don, who is inspecting the ravaged garden, to bed, the image does not promise. After such knowledge, what forgiveness? On the soundtrack, we hear a melancholy piano entoning Janáček's lovely "In the Mist."

Yes, Australia lies befogged. When Susan, 19, could calmly walk up to Kath, working in the kitchen, and ask permission to go to bed with her husband—there was such a wonderful feeling between them—Kath only stared back in wordless bewilderment until the camera mercifully cut away. It has come to that at the antipodes, where pioneer decencies might still have been supposed to hold sway. What hope, then, for the rest of us? Australia has become the world; the world is Australia. □

The GIMLET EYE

REFLECTIONS ON THE NUKE FREEZE MARCH

D. KEITH MANO

It was a parade, not a march: more itinerant theme park than street protest. They wanted, above anything else, to entertain each other. Posters had shop-class-careful lettering. Slogan language was either too-literate (THE HAGUE NOT THE HAIG) or Banlon mawkish (ARMS ARE FOR EMBRACING) and all about as spontaneous as an induced birth. Yet resolutely cheerful I must say. The whole moral regatta looked like a first-rate Parents' Day project at Central Carport Junior High.

But, yes, it was diverse. Marxist-Leninists in front of an East Village Weight Watchers contingent, behind six hundred Japanese. One 12-year-old girl holding PLEASE LET ME GROW UP over her head. The entire, it would seem, state of Vermont. Grey Panthers, Benedictines, Filipinos, and Scientists for Peace. Everyone staring at everyone else: congratulations to us, we're a media event. And more parasites than the average tropical stomach has: this march, after all, was prime commercial space. Anti-Khomeini people, pro-Haitian-immigration people. Several Prentice-Hall editors on strike. My best-of-breed is the oh-so-drunk Beer For Peace Movement. DON'T BOMB US, WE'RE ALREADY BOMBED.

THE BACKGROUND hum wasn't radical at all: not anti-American, nor even anti-Reagan to speak of. (I distinguish march folk and their genteel bombast from the bathetic Central Park gathering afterward which featured gag-reflex Abzugism and pro-Castro tape hiss.) It will be my premise here that this largest-ever political turnout was actually an expression of venerable American political instincts—Populist instincts in fact. Without those I doubt if 100,000 would have joined the clutter June 12.

Let us use Richard Hofstadter as a social taxonomist. In his book *The Age of Reform* (1955), Hofstadter adduced certain myths and practices to characterize nineteenth century Free Silver Populism. Note how often there is a suggestive match.

Yeoman myth. To a Populist demagogue in 1890, say, American moral resurgence depended on the revival and leadership of proud, productive, self-sufficient men—whether such men could, by that time, be anything more than sentimental, Jeffersonian figments or not. (Though Populism began as a nostalgic agrarian movement, it did also accommodate craftsmen.) Both independent farmer and artisan were jeopardized by either urban or corporate concentration. *There had arisen the notion that the city was a parasitical growth on the country.* To my eye, small-town delegations dominated and modulated Freeze Day:

Ohio and New Hampshire and all that Vermont. (The considerable trade-union presence came, in large part, from non-urban areas.) They were marching on decadent New York as much as on an international military-industrial complex.

Utopia in the past. Populism glamorized frontier life: Eden with Indians, sort of. Freeze and rollback people hanker, with even less practical sense, for an ideal pre-nuclear age. Moreover, you'll detect much cross-pollination, as June 12 indicated, between environmentalism and bomb banning. Nuclear fission isn't just dangerous, it's also an unnatural thing: and too complicated for the yeoman mind. Populism was reductionist: good ideas are plain ideas. Free Silver propaganda, for example, reduced economic complexity to a single, inadequate premise.

Rule by conspiracy. There was in fact a widespread Populist idea that all American history since the Civil War could be understood as a sustained conspiracy of the international money power. Now we have sinister Grumman and DuPont. But my parallel is even closer than that. *They* [Populists] *looked upon the military as a threat to democracy, upon imperialist acquisitions as gains only to financiers and "monarchists."* Update that by substituting "multi-national corporation" for *monarchist.*

Xenophobia. The arms race, though we don't often think of it in that light, is an entangling alliance. Competition can bind more effectively than plighted troth. Further: *what the nativist mind most opposed was . . . cooperation with European governments for any ends at all.* NO CRUISE MISSILE. NO NEUTRON BOMB. These were not one-world people, despite the occasional League of Nations verbiage: they were essentially isolationist. If they had a secret allegiance it was not to NATO. *Antisemitism.* I won't insist on this item, much

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

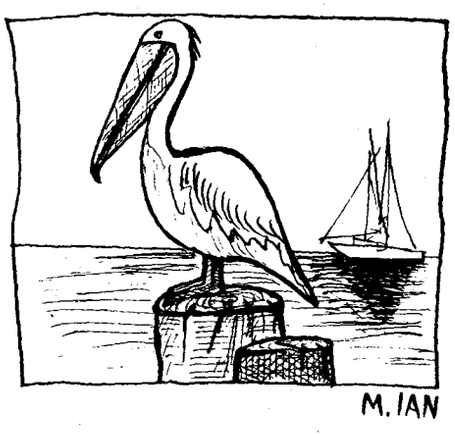
as I cherish symmetry. Nonetheless, in my quick canvass, all poster references to Israel were antagonistic.

A somewhat theatrical sense of apocalypse. Populists thought that society lured imminent and savage dissolution. The Nuke-Freeze people, with more scientific evidence, live in a dank stokehold of cataclysm.

Recession. Farm prices were in decline throughout our Populist era. *If the people failed to enjoy prosperity, it must be because of a harsh and arbitrary intrusion of human greed and error.* Follows then the paradigmatic, final trait in Populist thought: *an oversimple and dualistic version of American social struggle.* JOBS NOT BOMBS. Every problem—economic, political, social, psychological—will begin to end with an armament stand-off. *While there might be corrupt individuals in any group, the underlying interests of the productive majority were the same; predatory behavior existed only because it was initiated and underwritten by a small parasitic minority.*

JUNE 12 is best understood as some sort of national atavism: eighty-year locusts awakening, you might say. I do not mean to suggest that Freeze Day was without significance. It cross-hatched and made clear a certain primal anxiety in the land. But that anxiety, I think, has little to do with nuclear hardware. Recession, loss of self-image, longing for an unspecified Golden Age: these are the more probable composite cause. But Haig and Brezhnev and Israel have their use: *overwhelming sense of grievance does not find satisfactory expression in impersonal explanations.* Five hundred thousand will never again gather to agitate about disarmament. In the first place there was no charismatic leadership: not even a lowly Sam Brown, let alone George Wallace or William Jennings Bryan. The movement will revert to opportunistic manipulation: whether environmental or feminist or left-wing radical. But the American people will speak, albeit unclearly: so we mumble about fear in our sleep.

One WBAI announcer was jubilant. "The Sixties are back again," he yelled. Never mind the Sixties, the Nineties came back again this June. □



BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE HEART OF BOSWELL: *Highlights from the Journals of James Boswell, edited by Mark Harris (McGraw-Hill, 407 pp., $17.95).* *The Heart of Boswell* is a marvelous idea: a one-volume abridgment of the first six volumes of the Private Papers of James Boswell, that incomparable repository of carnal knowledge and literary gossip out of which Boswell himself quarried the *Life of Johnson.* It is not altogether clear, however, why Mark Harris was entrusted with the job; the dustjacket of *The Heart of Boswell* tells us that Mr. Harris "is perhaps best known for his novels of baseball," that "he feels he and Boswell are spiritual kin, and when, in Heaven, he calls upon old friends, he will call upon Boswell almost first," and that "his most recent book is *Saul Bellow: Drumlin Woodchuck.*" Hardly the best of credentials for so formidable a task, it would seem; and a perusal of *The Heart of Boswell* confirms many of the suspicions aroused by its exterior. Though Mr. Harris praises the original editors of the six-volume Yale Edition for the way in which "they supplied background information and footnotes at precisely the length and exactly the moment I seemed to require them," he has chosen to throw out all of the footnotes and most of the background information for his one-volume "distillation," counting on short appreciations at the beginning of each section to keep the reader oriented. Moreover, Mr. Harris's method of abridgment results in such minor irritations as one-sentence entries; the book as a whole reads rather choppily. (Example: the very first sentence, all preamble having been excised, starts out "I have therefore determined to keep a daily journal" and goes on from there.) Fortunately, Mr. Harris is no prude, and *The Heart of Boswell* is no *Everybody's Pepys*—Boswell's amorous dalliances are quite well represented in the selections Mr. Harris has chosen to include. On the whole, *The Heart of Boswell* is indeed, as the book's subtitle claims, largely made up of the "highlights" of the unabridged version; but one is left with the nagging feeling that Mr. Harris could have done a better job, and it may not be all that unfair to suggest an analogy with Dr. Johnson's dismissal of the lady clergyman's preaching as being much like a dog walking on its hind legs. "It is not done well," he said curtly, "but you are surprised to find it done at all." TERRY TEACHOUT

OTHER WORLDS, *by Paul Davies (Simon & Schuster, 207 pp., $11.95).* Going by what they claim to know about the behavior of electrons, quantum physicists quite willingly go out on a limb about the peculiarities of the universe. Some bizarre conclusions have resulted. Time might well stand still, they say. Person A, by scrambling Person B's atomic makeup, could crimp B's free will. Entire universes might be stacked one against the other like eggs in a basket. Professor Davies capitalizes on the shock value of the wilder quantum speculations. As in his *Runaway Universe* (1979), he piles revelation upon outlandish revelation in the opening pages with the promise that explanations will follow. They never really do. In fact, his attempt to justify the Uncertainty Principle does the theory more harm than good by revealing that the process of casting light at even the larger subatomic particles with the aim of taking their picture is like heaving bowling balls at marbles. The finished image is an array of fragments. If quantum physics is largely inaccessible to the senses, one wonders what, exactly, the physicists are measuring. The Sufi story of the three blind men examining an elephant comes to mind. The first felt the trunk and announced an elephant was like a tree. The second, grasping the tail, concluded it resembled a snake. The third patted the side. "Like a rock," he said. Each made an assumption about the whole based on just one aspect, a habit of mind the more misleading when the blind men are groping after galaxies. PAUL T. HORNAK

THE NINE NATIONS OF NORTH AMERICA, *by Joel Garreau (Houghton Mifflin, 427 pp., $14.95).* Divvying up the North American continent into new countries is an old game, like making up the greatest baseball team of all time. *The Nine Nations of North America* comes from an article of the same name that Joel Garreau wrote for the *Washington Post* (he's an editor there) back in 1979. His basic premise is that despite the standardization of Holiday Inns, franchised junk-food spots, and TV sitcoms, North America is a collection of very different regions rather than one big monolith. His nine "nations" are Quebec, New England, the Foundry (everything between the Confederacy and New England), Dixie, the Islands, Mexamerica, the Breadbasket, the Empty Quarter, and Ecotopia (a Chile-shaped strip running along the coast from San Francisco to Anchorage). Except for Quebec, Garreau doesn't see any of these

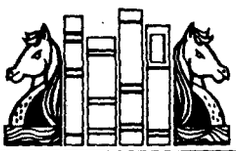
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"nations" going into the independence business, but it does make for a catchy title. Essentially, *The Nine Nations* is a once-over-lightly survey of North America; the kind of thing John Gunther used to do with his *Inside* books, only with a more up-to-date flavor. For example, Garreau gives far less space to politicians than Gunther did. And rightly so. Politicos are no longer the "leaders" they were a generation back. Garreau sees ferment and change coming from the bottom and sides, not from the top down. The book is in no sense a conservative one, but neither is it a knee-jerk liberal tract. Garreau does some annoying things, like using the trendy term "Anglo" for "white" (as inaccurate as calling all Spanish-speaking folks Cubans) and calling the evolving border patois between Mexico and the U.S. *Mexamerican*, "for lack of a better word." Down in southern Arizona we call it *Spanglish*—a better word. There are some flies in Garreau's nine ointments. His Mexamerica, for instance, runs from Los Angeles down toward the middle of Mexico. This doesn't follow. The border culture is as different from central Mexico's as it is from the Dakotas'. The same with the so-called Empty Quarter. The best part of the book (because that's where Garreau's heart seems to be) is the Ecotopian chapter. He writes lovingly about the counter-culturish, small-scale values he finds (or wants to find) along the northern Pacific Coast. But Garreau is not Candide; he also brings up the gloomy, soggy climate and Seattle's very high suicide rate. All in all, *Nine Nations* is an interesting book. It's fun to read about your neck of the continent and see if Garreau hit the mark. Best of all, though, is its Walter Mitty value. After reading it, you can get out your map and magic marker and carve out new countries of your own; just like a Bonaparte or a big-city editor. JACK D. KIRWAN

SELECTED LETTERS OF VACHEL LINDSAY, *edited by Marc Chenetier (Burt Franklin, 442 pp., $21.95).* Vachel Lindsay was a visionary writer who to his horror became the victim of a public that refused to take him seriously. In this collection of letters Lindsay is revealed as the man of vision rather than the jingleman and jazz poet. Lindsay, the first movie critic, realized at an early stage that the invention of moving pictures would bring a profound change to life in America. He feared that unless language were made more accessible, more "democratic," more a part of these new developments, vast segments of America's people would be lost to its writers. It was his ambition to create works that would embody these changes, works that as far as possible would not only sound but look striking enough to attract the interest of the man in the street. In

(Continues on page 976)

Dark Horses



CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

THE SOVIET UNION has never lacked for apologists in the West to argue that the Kremlin's hostility to democracy was not implacable: it is owing possibly to this sort of Pollyannaism that the Allies made the tragic error of the millennium by failing to take out the Soviet Union in 1945.

John Lenczowski's *Soviet Perceptions of U.S. Foreign Policy* (Cornell, $25) is so important a book that its extreme readability is something to be immensely grateful for. His intentions in writing it are so clearly and directly expressed in the text that I shall quote them here:

> I began this book by calling attention to two recent developments that have significant implications for contemporary international politics: the achievement by the Soviet Union of strategic parity with the United States and the tremendous growth of sophisticated Soviet analysis of American foreign policy and of international politics in general. Taken together, these developments raise the question of how the Soviets view the balance of power. The analysis of the new Soviet perceptions of U.S. foreign policy has not only answered this question but led us to new insights on a subject of considerable debate—the nature, ideas, and intentions of the Soviet leadership.

Lenczowski argues that there is a vigorous debate in progress among the upper echelons of the Soviet Union between the "realists" and the "traditionalists." He describes the "realists" as the more "sophisticated" school whose views are currently fashionable, shaping much current analysis within the Kremlin. The realists believe that there has been a distinct shift in the so-called "correlation of forces," i.e., that within the past ten years the USSR has considerably increased its strength and international leverage, while the United States has, relatively, surrendered much of both. The traditionalist faction, by contrast, believes that the correlative shift may be less real than it looks, and remains strongly suspicious of American duplicity and imperialism.

It is the traditionalists who are paying us backhanded compliments in the form of a grudging respect; it is the realists to whom we are selling the rope. The realists want the SALT talks, detente, East-West trade, presumably the pipeline, and are willing at the same time to keep the military budget high and go adventuring around the world in Afghanistan, Nicaragua, the Horn of Africa. The traditionalists are more suspicious, more cautious, and therefore less adventurous; detente, deterrence, trade with the capitalists make them nervous. Of course, they have nothing against a terrific military budget either.

LENCZOWSKI thinks that the differences of opinion are almost nullified by the vastness of the body of doctrine on which the two sides are agreed. Both factions are Marxist-Leninists who think as one about the struggle between the two systems, the nature of capitalism and imperialism, and the whole outdated nineteenth century contraption fabricated at the very zenith of positivism when men believed that secular "philosophy" was an important and, even more importantly, a *useful* endeavor. Whether or not the Soviet leadership really "believes" this nonsense is problematic, but one thing is certain: at the official level, the one at which ideas have consequences, well—theirs do. The ideology is an elaborate fiction, but the power on behalf of which it is kept alive and which it in turn powerfully sustains is terribly real, like the morality behind it. This morality has nothing to do with what the West calls Natural Law, and it has no use for pluralism: "The apparently shared value of doing things peacefully is therefore not necessarily shared at all—not at the critical point where the opposed moralities conflict."

Believers in Santa Claus, astrology, miracle diets, and "a new enlightened generation of Soviet leaders" may possibly not be affected by Mr. Lenczowski's arguments. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Classified Advertisements

Situations Wanted

NEED CAR MOVED cross country? Former West Point cadet is traveling around country in late August, willing to drive. Terms negotiable. References. 509-334-0460.

GRAPHIC ARTIST seeks position with candidate for 98th Congress. Will design and oversee production of campaign publicity and related materials. Experienced, hard-working, and conservative. Write NR Box 3597.

WORLDLY, DYNAMIC, pertinacious executive/professor; accustomed to dealing with first-class people, and low-class people in high places; superior intellect and strength of character; travel anywhere; seeks association with senior corporate leader or private capitalist. Write NR Box 3603.

CONSERVATIVE, COSMOPOLITAN MALE, 27, quite tired of uniformed contract security guard/armed escort work, seeks position in executive protection or related work such as courier. My avocation: low-profile, state-of-the-art electronic countermeasures. Keen ability to deal effectively with unconventional situations. Certified marksman. Write NR Box 3593.

MATURE, INTERNATIONALLY TRAVELED former security director for top-ranked Fortune 500 corporation available worldwide for discreet professional investigations, family executive escort, document/valuables courier, consultant. Reply NR Box 3594.

Music

RECORDS—TAPES! Discounts to 73%; all labels; no purchase obligation; newsletter; discount dividend certificates; 100% guarantees. Free details. Discount Music Club, 650 Main Street, P.O. Box 2000, Dept. 36-0882, New Rochelle, N.Y. 10801.

Employment Opportunities

EXECUTIVE SEARCH—Mexico and Latin America. Contact Smith, S.A., Mexico's most important independent executive search firm. John F. Smith Jr., President, Barranca del Muerto 472, Col. Alpes, Deleg. Alvaro Obregon, 01010 Mexico, D.F., Mexico. 905-593-8969.

EDITORIAL PAGE EDITOR. Conservative, experienced. Send resume and clips to Darwin Wile, News-Democrat, 120 S. Illinois, Belleville, Ill. 62222.

POSITION OFFERED: Traditional parish in rural town (population 8,000) in south-central Michigan, 90 miles west of Detroit, seeks priest for evangelical and pastoral outreach based on orthodox ministry. The rector must be committed to traditional Anglicanism as set forth in BCP-28; must be courageous and principled, yet skilled and diplomatic in dealing with diocesan trends: the ordination of women, secular political indoctrination through Rites II and III of BCP-79, and a vocal clerical lobby supporting such activities. The presence of a fine liberal arts college, internationally known for its defense of traditional values, with the support of the local community, creates the potential for a promising and stimulating parish. Reply: St. Peter's Episcopal Church, c/o Dr. Benjamin Alexander, 7 Buena Vista, Hillsdale, Mich. 49242 (phone: 517-437-4781).

Investment Opportunities

EXCITING PUBLISHING VENTURE! Masterful manuscript tells how to correct our Fed money mess. Invest little as $200, share earnings. Offer limited: confidential details, write NR Box 3596.

LOUIS J. LYELL, C.L.U.—Life insurance for estate creation and estate liquidity: 500 Riverhill Tower, Jackson, Miss. 39216. 601-366-7500.

MEXICAN INVESTMENTS? Do you have Mexican investments or bank deposits? Interested in the outlook for the peso? You should be reading "Mexletter." For a free copy write: Mexletter, Apartado 1335, Mexico, D.F., 06000, Mexico, or call 905-511-5470.

Literary

"HOW TO WRITE WELL." Lesson-by-lesson text and English handbook. Paper, 120 pp., $6.25 postpaid. Jean Martin Flynn, P.O. Box 305, Taylors, S.C. 29687.

FOLLOW NIEMEYER, NOVAK, SOBRAN, Richard John Neuhaus, Ralph McInerny, Charles Malik, and others in "Center Journal"—a new voice in the Christian intellectual tradition. Send for a complimentary copy: Center Journal, P.O. Box A, Dept. W, Notre Dame, Ind. 46556.

CONSERVATIVE COLLEGE PUBLICATION. Send for free issue. California Review, 4846 Rancho Grande, Del Mar, Calif. 92014.

NATIONAL REVIEW WILL buy back copies of NR's 1980 bound volume (in good condition) at half-again original purchase price; we will pay postage on return. Write Box 19, National Review, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK! Join our successful authors. Publicity, advertising, beautiful books. All subjects invited. Send for fact-filled booklet and free manuscript report. Carlton Press, Dept. NRH, 84 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011.

BILL RICKENBACKER's funny, warm accounts of life on his Yankee farm: subscribe to "The Berry Patch Letters." Twelve issues, $8 a year. Box 158, West Boxford, Mass. 01885.

PUBLISHER'S OVERSTOCKS, BARGAIN BOOKS. 2,000 titles, all subjects! Free catalogue: Hamilton's, 98-73 Clapboard, Danbury, Conn. 06810.

Vacation

SWIMMING, FISHING, BOATING. Divine Winds Villas for rent. Topsail Beach, N.C. 919-328-2301.

BAHAMA SAILING VACATION. 46' ketch sleeps eight. Cordial Captain and Mate. Call 904-731-0451.

Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

DASHING INTELLIGENT West Point grad, 26, with political ambitions, seeks attractive young heiress with traditional, conservative ideology to support the latter. Interests include theater, classical and contemporary music, golf, tennis, and travel. Write NR Box 3602.

NAVAL OFFICER, 50, Yale grad, San Diego, wishes to meet lady interested in travel, seashore, music, and warm friendship. Write NR Box 3598.

HANDSOME, CREATIVE ROCK songwriter wants to marry young female. Interests: singing, sports, a new religion. Melody Cy, 1501 17th Avenue, Suite #406, Seattle, Wash. 98122.

NATIONAL ORDER of Battlefield Commissions. Soldiers and Marines commissioned on the battlefield. If eligible write NR Box 3601.

PENPALS WORLDWIDE. For information write Box 126, Station A, Scarborough, Ontario, Canada.

National Review Accepts...

classified advertisements for personal services, items wanted or for sale, jobs sought or available, houses or apartments for sale or rent, and miscellaneous subjects of a comparable nature. National Review does not accept political advertisements of any kind, or advertisements which are solicitations for funds. National Review reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable for whatever reason. Rates per insertion: $1.00 per word, minimum 10 words, plus $2.25 for box number. Frequency discounts: 4 times, 90¢ per word; 6 times, 85¢ per word; 8 times or more, 80¢ per word. Text accompanied by full payment must be received 30 days before publication date. Responses to box numbers will be forwarded. Address Classified Director, National Review, 150 East 35th Street, New York, New York 10016.

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

SAML. L. CLEMENS:

[*The*] *Innocents Abroad*

The tomb of Adam! How touching it was, here in a land of strangers, far away from home, and friends, and all who cared for me, thus to discover the grave of a blood relation. True, a distant one, but still a relation. . . . I leaned upon a pillar and burst into tears. (Clemens was better known under his nom de plume of Mark Twain.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONSERVATIVE on most everything except ERA issues. Youngish 50, 5'10", 160 lbs. Loves theater, films, eating out, NR, WSJ, and trading puts and calls. Would like to meet attractive woman 38-44 (approx.) with similar tastes for mutual enjoyment in relationship of equality. Washington, D.C. Write NR Box 3592.

I'M 30 and have recently moved to Arizona. Interests include sports, politics/economics, travel. Would like to meet intelligent lady, non-smoker. Tempe/Mesa area. Write NR Box 3583.

PENFRIENDS: ENGLAND, U.S.A. Lasting friendships through correspondence. Send age, interests. Free reply. Harmony, Box 89NR, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11235.

CLASSICAL MUSIC LOVERS' EXCHANGE. The link between unattached music lovers. Write CMLE, Box 31, Pelham, N.Y. 10803.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS gets cultured single, widowed, or divorced persons acquainted. Nationwide. Established 1970. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, Pa. 19081, or call 215-566-2132.

Gourmet

STUFF IT. 101 easy, elegant, "egg"onomical omelets. All occasions. $5 to LaurelRose Publishers, P.O. Box 1415NR, Everett, Wash. 98206.

FREE! Family Circle Cookbook, to introduce you to these exceptional, economical books. Send 20¢ stamp for order form. Write NR Box 3599.

NOW ACCEPTING ORDERS for "Valley Paks" dried fruit from the world famous Yakima Valley. Gift packed. Send for free brochure: Valley Pak, GARCO, Inc., P.O. Box 10901, Yakima, Wash. 98909.

COOKIE MONSTERS: I know the supreme recipe for chewy, malty tollhouse and oatmeal chocolate chips. $2.50. 2212 Charnwood, Alhambra, Calif. 91803.

CHURCH PICNIC RECIPES—130 original handed-down favorites, including Georgia Peach Cobbler, Sour Cream Cornbread. $4.95. Beck's, 619 Seiler Ave., Savannah, Ga. 31401.

CZECHOSLOVAKIAN CABBAGE soup, and bearnaise sauce that won't curdle—foolproof recipe. $2, S.A.S.E. to Louise Korn, 3642 Pittsburgh Ave, Erie, Pa. 16508.

Real Estate

ARMONK, N.Y. (Whippoorwill area)—Wooded acre, spacious 4 bedrooms, 3 baths, living room, fireplace, library wall, dining room, eat-in kitchen, patio, A-1 schools. Principals only. $165,000. 914-273-3985.

For Sale

EXOTIC ORCHIDS bloom in your home. Various colors. State color desired. $14.95. Send check or money order: Chariel, 323 Bostick St., Wauchula, Fla. 33873.

SAVE MONEY ON quality video accessories! Low prices. Free catalogue. NVA, 7910 Ivanhoe Avenue, Suite 101, La Jolla, Calif. 92037.

BILL SIMON, HANK LONDEAN, and Al Campbell all wear the Adam Smith Necktie. Gold on navy blue or burgundy. $20. The Decatur Shop, Box 1776, North Adams, Mich. 49262.

JANE'S SOLID BRONZE Confederate paperweights: Great Seal, Forrest, "Stonewall," Lee, "JEB." Also Great Seal belt buckles. $11.45 each postpaid. 3 or more, $9.95 each postpaid. Jane Baxendale, sculptor, 4114NR Sneed, Nashville, Tenn. 37215. 615-297-1975.

Miscellaneous

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS. Money-back guarantee of full satisfaction. Send sample, year and date of birth with $20 to George Cardinale LeGros, 301 North Wall Avenue, Joplin, Mo. 64801.

MEDICAL AND VETERINARY SCHOOL vacancies in Chilean university. Applications close by August 6, 1982. O'Connor's Medical School Placement, P.O. Box 40112, Washington, D.C. 20016. 202-686-6922.

BUCKLEY is the anglicization of O Buachalla ("descendant of the boy"). What is the Irish (Gaelic) spelling, pronunciation, meaning of your name from Ireland? Inquiries regarding what Edwin O'Connor used to call "difficult names," e.g., Silk, Levy, Cohen, Kinsella, Costello, Duck, Saul, Igoe, Eagleton, are invited. $25.00. Irish Name Institute. Write NR Box 3600.

IDEAS, INVENTIONS, NEW PRODUCTS wanted! Call 1-800-528-6050. Arizona, 1-800-352-0458. X 831.

LOSE WEIGHT, gain money. Ground-floor vitamin distributor for new starch fighter. Send $5 for catalogue and information to: HAMS, 6103 Lakeland, Evansville, Ind. 47711.

GETTING STARTED IN COMPUTER PROGRAMMING. $3.95. National, 59 East Raleigh, S.I., N.Y. 10310.

"CONQUER HARMFUL ANGER 100 Ways." Find love, health, security. Vernon Howard's powerful $2 booklet. NEWLIFE, Box 684-JX, Boulder City, Nev. 89005.

NEED DIRECT MAIL help? We'll do your letters, brochures, newsletters, ads. Kaplan, 802-985-8167.

FREE BIBLE LAW COURSE lessons: money, banking, crime, race, foreign policy, liability, etc. Law, Box 481-N, Lakemore, Ohio 44250.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS IN DEPTH. Send full page of writing and $20 to Elisabeth King, 121 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

MAKE BIG PROFITS in real estate, learn how to buy with other people's money, sound investment procedures. $2. Beck's, 619 Seiler Ave., Savannah, Ga. 31401.

DEVELOP SUCCESS HABITS through motivational books and cassettes. Free catalogue. Success Books, Dept. NR, Box 359, Old Bethpage, N.Y. 11804.

BUSINESSMEN: Business computer/word processor installed and operational at your site. All programs and training. $7,500 and up. Turn-key. Hardware and software service available. MICRO, 9523 Pinehill Drive, Battle Creek, Mich. 49017.

Subscription Service

TO SUBSCRIBE OR RENEW:

☐ new subscription
☐ renewal
☐ Payment enclosed
☐ Bill me

☐ 1 year $26.00 (USA)
☐ 1 year $32.25 U.S. currency (Canada)
☐ 1 year $32.25 U.S. currency (All other foreign)

Initial here ____

CHANGE OF ADDRESS AND RENEWAL:

Please attach the mailing label from the front cover when writing about service or change of address. Allow 3 weeks for change of address to take effect. Thank you.

Name
Address
City State Zip

MAIL TO: National Review, Readers Service 150 East 35th Street, New York, NY 10016

NR CLASSIFIED ADS

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER!

Pay for two ads—get a third ad FREE. Advance payment (minimum 2 ads)

Rates: $1.00 per word. $2.25 for NR box number

Enclosed $ ____

Mail to:
Classified Director
National Review
150 East 35 Street
New York, NY 10016

AD COPY:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Toward a Foreign Policy

On The Right

New York, July 21—George Shultz the public servant is well known. George Shultz the foreign-policy architect, less so. And any effort to decoct from the dismissal of Alexander Haig exactly what it was about his own foreign-policy recommendations that Mr. Reagan found unacceptable is difficult. Although there have been references to Haig's disagreements with the White House on how hard to oppose Begin's Lebanese incursion, to use a useful word of yesteryear, or on whether it was wise to slow down the construction of the Siberian gas pipeline, most of the copy expended on his departure has dwelt on personality problems. About this, Al Haig shouldn't really worry. In the long run, to have a strong personality is not in itself disqualifying. But a strong personality goes best with authority. De Gaulle's strong personality kept him out of power for a dozen years. But once in power, what would Gaullism have been without the strong personality of its leader?

In short, we have arrived at a moment when a studied reformulation of foreign policy would be most helpful. If that word strikes the White House as too severe, then use the gentler word: a studied reiteration of foreign policy. Because it is unquestionably true that much that has happened has not appeared coherent. Lunching with William Safire the day before he was ousted, Al Haig confessed that he thought the decision a year ago by Reagan to cancel our agricultural boycott of the Soviet Union a grievous error, the ripple effect of which has been the furious resentment of the Europeans over our subsequent restrictions on the gas pipeline. So that what is needed during the next few weeks in particular, when George Shultz's foreign policy reifies, is the assertion of a U.S. foreign policy distinctively American. This does not mean a foreign policy that relies any the less on our allies. But a foreign policy that states exactly what it is that the United States seeks on behalf of itself. A few suggested planks:

1) *With respect to the Mideast:* Until the government of Mr. Begin reaffirms its willingness to cede the territories on the West Bank and in Gaza to demilitarized Palestinian rule, the United States will suspend future commitments to Israel's arsenal. The United States should stand by Israel during any threat to its independence, but a line must now be sought between guaranteeing its independence, and arming it so profusely as to underwrite expansionism and perpetuate Palestinian hopelessness.

2) *With respect to the Soviet Union:* Until the U.S. Government has concrete grounds for believing that the Soviet Union is willing to embark on genuine disarmament, and a gradual relinquishment of its aggressions against Poland and Afghanistan, the United States will suspend all economic activity with the Soviet Union. A part of our defense budget will be reallocated to compensate farmers for their agricultural losses in trade. It is, after all, a part of the general defense effort to tame the Soviet Union, and conceptually one should view all expenses aimed at doing this—from Voice of America to agricultural boycotts to B-1 bombers—as coming out of the same budget. Efforts will be made to discourage the shipment of Canadian, Argentine, and Australian wheat to the Soviet Union, which exports we would not distinguish from the export of arms to the Soviet Union inasmuch as, under the new vision, they are identical.

3) *In the United Nations:* We will express a new relationship with a General Assembly which, as Mrs. Kirkpatrick has so eloquently shown, following similar demonstrations by Senator Moynihan and others, has evolved into an instrument of torment to the United States and other pacific powers. (UN fractiousness was probably responsible for the sundering war over the Falklands.) Accordingly: The United States ambassador to the United Nations is instructed hereafter not to participate in any vote of the General Assembly. To participate in the debates, yes; but not in the vote. The distinction effectively removes whatever authority the General Assembly has when decreeing, for instance, that Israel is a racist state, or that Puerto Rico is an American colony.

4) *With respect to human rights:* Our policy will be reconstructed, and will be based on the distinction years ago articulated by Senator William Fulbright, namely that the United States Government (as distinguished from the American people) has no proper quarrel with the domestic policies of any sovereign country so long as that country does not seek to export those policies. The American people are correct in any social boycott they wish to organize against, e.g., the policies of Baby Doc in Haiti, and correct in denouncing his policies. The government of the United States merely recognizes de facto authority. But should Duvalier attempt to finance or export subversion elsewhere, as Cuba has done, his government becomes the explicit enemy of the United States.

And 5) *the United States guarantees not to deploy nuclear weapons* in any country that votes against such deployment, while reserving, derivatively, the right to adjust any overlapping military commitment to any such country. If Germany votes an emphatic no to the deployment of tactical nuclear weapons, we in turn reserve the right to withdraw our forces from Germany and from any commitment to German independence.

Not perfect, the above. And, in diplomacy there are always improvisations. But a manifesto is, really, in order. And this is the time for it. □

FLAT TAX TALK

New York, July 14—Suddenly the idea of a flat tax has become a subject of national interest. There was a time, not long ago, when only a few of us were masochistic enough to touch on the subject (one-quarter of a book I published ten years ago dealt with the desirability of the flat tax). There are objections to the reform, two of them most frequently alluded to, and these are interesting in that they indicate on the one hand a bias born of envy, on the other a bias born of irrationality.

The first of these has to do with the Question of the Rich. I once ventured that if everyone in America could be made twice as wealthy, our opinion-makers would embrace any measure to bring about this effect save one: it would not be permitted that those who are already wealthy should also be made twice as wealthy. Why is this? To understand how deeply rooted envy is, one must reflect that the Lord thought it important enough to devote one of only Ten Commandments to the subject of envying one's neighbor's goods.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Although the doctrine of supply-side is in disrepute, and one is not permitted to pronounce the name of Laffer in sophisticated economic quarters, we are nevertheless discovering a thing called the underground economy. The underground economy, by the way, is simply another way of saying that Laffer's curve, whatever the exact parabola of it, indeed exists out there somewhere. Just as in Sweden you are quoted two prices by most garages, depending on whether you intend to pay cash (service at half charge) or whether you want to be billed (service at full charge), so Internal Revenue is frankly conceding that tax evasion has become a huge industry—so to speak, the illegitimate child of high taxation. One sees estimates of one, two, even three hundred billion dollars of money that would have gone out in taxes if all gross receipts had been reported.

Now, tax evasion is a criminal offense. Tax avoidance is not, and in this category Internal Revenue also loses huge sums of money—from higher earners, whose investment strategy is dominated by the desire to avoid what is deemed excessive taxation.

Now, THE flat-rate tax would attack both problems. The garage mechanic who is paying more than 25 per cent tax on the marginal dollar chooses to traffic, to the extent he can, in cash. Reduce the tax rate to a maximum of 25 per cent, and the inducement is to live more serenely with one's conscience—and pay the tax. The high earner withdraws his money from tax-exempts, depreciation accounts, wildcat oil ventures, gold and antique collection—and suddenly money that was not taxed at all is taxed, at 25 per cent.

But the notion that a wealthy man should be paying only 25 per cent in tax is emotionally intolerable to some. Joseph Pechman, Director of Economic Studies at Brookings, gasps that under one flat-rate proposal, highest-income taxpayers would pay 40 per cent less! He means they would be taxed at a lower rate—not that they would pay less. Actually they would pay more, even as the rich paid more in taxes after Coolidge and Kennedy reduced the top rates. But the mere thought of their paying less casts these critics into a sea of wretchedness. I repeat: they would prefer economic stagnation to the incidental prospect of the rich getting richer.

The second bias is the protective bias of such institutions as depend on charity, notably colleges, hospitals, and cultural enterprises. If the marginal dollar is being taxed at 70 per cent (the argument goes) there is a greater attraction to giving money to the ballet. The reasoning, apparently logical, is in fact paralogistic. Huge fortunes of the few devoted to charity are not equal to such sums as are raised from many who are less than hugely rich, but who with 25 per cent tax payments find themselves with a surplus. It would be interesting to see a study of how generously Americans behaved back, oh, in the early 1900s. In those days, by current standards, 90 per cent of the American people were poor. In those days, per capita, more colleges, churches, and hospitals were constructed than at any time since. The Brookings Institution might profitably study the subject. But no study of human envy, even of the self-defeating sort, is likely to root out an impulse warned against on Mount Sinai. □

MEANWHILE IN THE SEMINARIES . . .

New York, July 19—First, the credits. The Institute for Educational Affairs financed it, the Roper Center at the University of Connecticut conducted it, and *This World*, a superb new quarterly of conservative-Christian orientation, published it. "It" is a marvelously revealing poll about the political (and religious) thinking of the men (and a few women) who are teaching theology in America. The news is very bad, but there are mitigating circumstances, and these probably should be stressed.

Reduced to conventional formulations, it would be fair to say that the theological schools are liberal hotbeds. Democrats outnumber Republicans about 3 to 1. Here are some gory details. Only just over one-half of the theologians believe that America is a force for good (among the Episcopalians, who emerge interestingly enough as the most radical of the denominations, the figure is only 27 per cent). Solid majorities (57 per cent of Catholics, 75 per cent of Episcopalians) believe that "repressive regimes backed by the United States" are a greater problem in the world today than Communist expansionism. An overwhelming majority believe we are spending too much on defense, and that there is never a justification for using the atomic bomb; they voted for McGovern and Carter roughly speaking in inverse proportion to American voters; they think we are not doing enough for the Third World, and that economic abundance is best achieved by redistribution rather than by growth.

One shouldn't be particularly surprised, though one is probably disappointed. A religious formulation of the above is: we shall always have sinners among us, and this is a pity.

1. Bear in mind that professors of theology mix mostly with professors of other things. And professors of other things, in particular the humanities, tend to be a little soft-headed in politics and economics. Peer pressure works in the academic world, as elsewhere. There is considerable ignorance among theologians about what is going on in the world of political and economic thought. Seventeen per cent had not heard the designation "neoconservative," which is on the order of a professor of economics not having heard of the Council of Trent. The difference being, of course, that professors of theology pronounce on subjects with which neoconservatism is intimately concerned, and of which it is profoundly knowledgeable; whereas most professors of economics can proceed without the need to know exactly what it was that went on at Trent, even though modern life is greatly influenced by what did go on there.

2. It is in the nature of idealism to be fretful of reality. Theologians care very much about those who are deprived. They see a Third World in which there is hunger, while, at home, there is surplus. The moral imbalance in this situation unbalances them. And they blame not the Third World (they would consider it mean and stupid to blame people for being hungry when obviously people don't enjoy hunger), but the prosperous world. By the same token, expenditure on arms is an expenditure on instruments that, at the margin, are used to kill people. Theologians don't like to kill people, and therefore they are derivatively opposed to the production of instruments that kill. It was so, as one commentator has pointed out, before the Second World War. It required that Reinhold Niebuhr, himself identified with the social-democratic Left, should seek mobilization among Christian theologians on the proposition that the time had actually come to kill Nazis; and this couldn't readily be done without instrumentation.

3. The poll tends to show that the Pentecostals and the Baptists take, on the whole, the more sophisticated positions on social matters. This datum is interesting to those anthropologists fascinated by correlations. For instance, the wealthier theologians are the most anti-capitalist. The social elite (the Episcopalians) are the most fundamentalist in Eastern Seaboard liberalism. The poll also reveals the extent to which theologians, like so many others, are prey to trendy thought. Once upon a time, not long ago, what we now call angrily the military-industrial complex, we called, devoutly, the arsenal of democracy. Once upon a time, surplus was accepted as the result of a work ethic.

Oh well. The good news is that the theologians do in fact believe in God. The good news of surpassing import is that God is merciful toward the invincibly ignorant. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KING

(Continued from page 958)

slowdown has also affected advertising revenues. When the Korvette department-store chain went out of business, it cost the *News* dearly in advertising revenue.

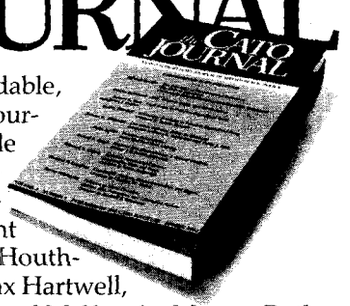
Finally there are the unions, and their instrument, the strike. The unions are newspaper management's official scapegoat, and it is true that for decades the mechanical unions have been a millstone around the neck of the New York newspaper community. They were largely responsible for the disappearance of the *Herald Tribune*. They have continued adamant in their resistance to labor-saving technologies that must rationalize the newspaper industry in New York as it has been rationalized in other parts of the country and of the world, where union leadership is weaker or wiser. For their part, the unions blame management for penny-pinching and shortsightedness. From the public's point of view, the issues don't seem to matter very much. When a newspaper goes under it never comes back.

The *News* went to the brink, but it didn't go over and under. New York is lucky, and it may be the moment to try to describe a part the paper has played in the city in a full but unselfconscious way, which is to have helped transform, through its sure touch over the years, the various ethnic elements of the city into a confederation of sympathy and even of understanding. The popular press has often done this in American cities, but probably nowhere as successfully as the *News*. For New York, with its enormous mixed and mixing population, has had the hardest pieces to fit together, and has been the hardest place to find a balance and a consensus for leadership.

When a surprise fall of snow came in April, the *News* headline crooned about "dreaming of a White Passover." This is not talent so much as it is instinct. For all the editorial deftness, it is the spirit of something spontaneous and at the same time thoroughly self-schooled and self-secure. The role of the press in the growth and preservation of American democracy has been ceaselessly rehearsed in relation to political liberties. Much is yet to be said about its part as an instrument of social and, inevitably, moral cohesion. Try putting that in a *News* head. □

The New Interdisciplinary Journal of Public Policy Analysis

the CATO JOURNAL



The *Cato Journal* is a unique, readable, and timely new public policy journal designed for intelligent laypeople as well as scholars. It provides well-reasoned analyses of important policy issues by leading scholars. Recent issues included articles by Hendrik Houthakker, Aaron Wildavsky, Ronald Max Hartwell, Richard Epstein, Arthur Laffer, Richard McKenzie, Murray Rothbard, Richard Stroup and John Baden, William Siffin, and D.T. Armentano.

The Fall issue will discuss the "New Federalism and Urban Opportunities" with papers by such well-known urban scholars as Edward Banfield, Stuart Butler, Otto Davis, John Weicher, and Wallace Oates.

Single copies of the *Journal* are available for $5; full-year subscriptions are $15; two- and three-year subscription rates are $27 and $36 respectively.

Please enclose payment with your order. Return to:

Department NA
224 Second St., SE
Washington, D.C. 20003

CATO INSTITUTE

BRIEFS

(Continued from page 971)

letters to writers such as Amy Lowell, Carl Sandburg, H. L. Mencken, and his friend Harriet Monroe, he expounded his theories at length, and, though frequently discouraged, he held fast to his beliefs. These letters provide an instructive if chastening account of a man who was ahead of his time. We are familiar today with art forms that attempt to synthesize sight, sense, and sound, and, acknowledging the immense impact of television and film, we can appreciate Lindsay's concern to harness the beast before it ran off, pulling us headlong with it into the unknown.

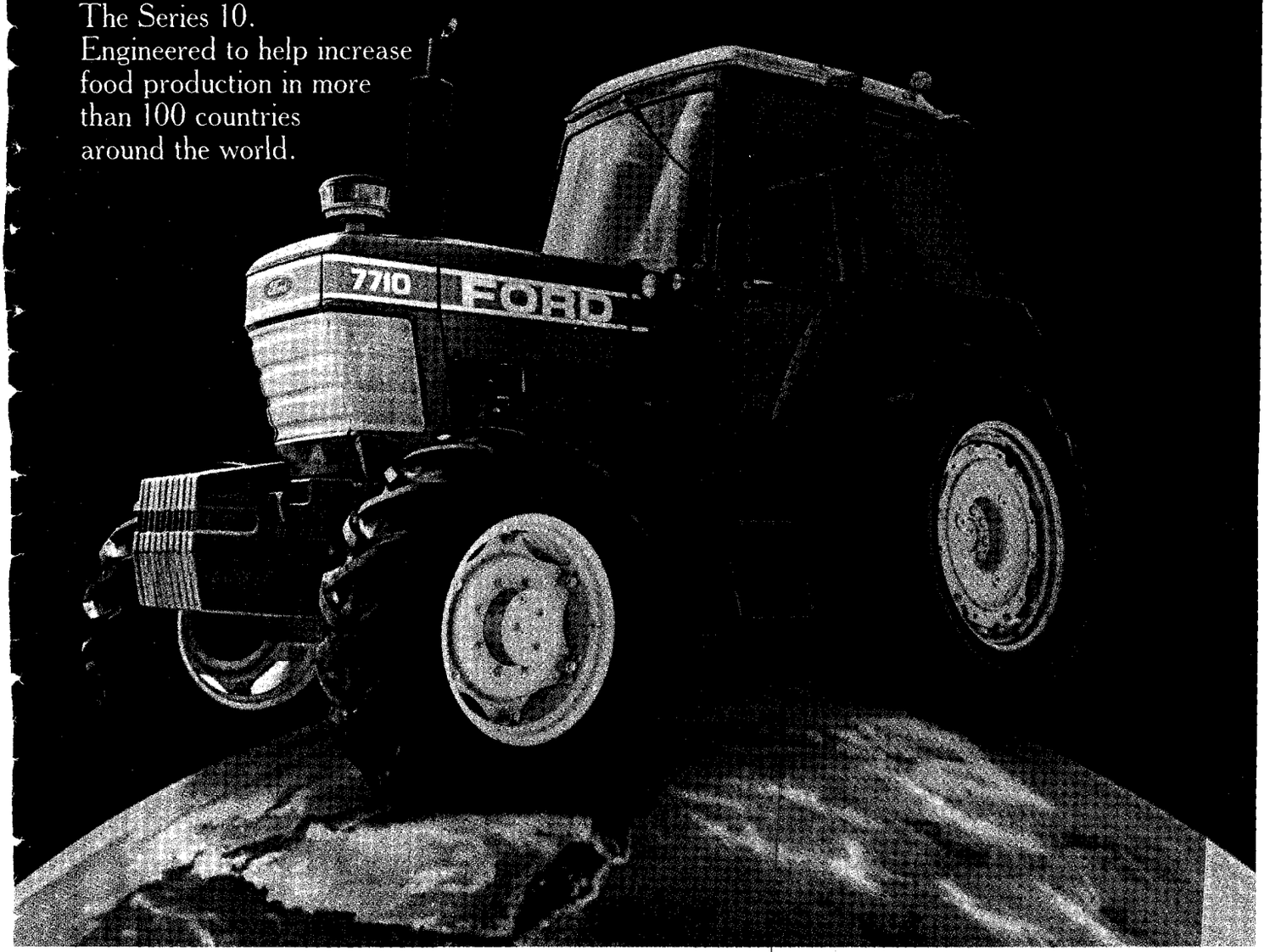
JUDITH CHETTLE

AUCTION MADNESS, *by Charles Hamilton (Everest House, 255 pp., $13.95).* Subtitled "An Uncensored Look behind the Velvet Drapes of the Great Auction Houses," this is Mr. Hamilton's best book yet, filled with all the right sorts of anecdotes. Hamilton—whose own Charles Hamilton Galleries he bills as the world's largest auction firm specializing in autographs and manuscripts—appreciates a good story. Here he takes the "elegant hucksters"—Christie's, Sotheby Parke Bernet, and Philip, Son and Neal—to task and reveals many of their sharper practices, including the girl hired strictly to glean the obituaries daily and telephone families of the deceased to solicit consignments. He describes "dirty tricks" from the podium—pulling bids from the ceiling, off pillars, out of thin air—and what you can do about them. And he presents a fine array of history and auction lore. He recounts the dizzying fortunes of Lincolniana at auction, as well as the binge of souvenir-hunting immediately after the Ford's Theatre shooting. He describes Basil Rathbone selling some letters he had received from Jacqueline Kennedy to raise money. He presents the booming history of Nazi relics at auction. Mr. Hamilton notes that Jews seem to be the most enthusiastic collectors of such items; once, seeking an explanation, he was told, "It's like having the head of the hunter on the wall instead of the hunted." And he provides a number of lists: atrocious penmen, for one, with Napoleon, Horace Greeley, and John F. Kennedy heading the list; and "Twelve Most Bizarre Articles" ever sold at auction, for another, which includes an object purporting to be Napoleon's penis, Queen Victoria's bloomers, a lock of hair from Robert E. Lee's warhorse, Traveler, and Charles Dickens's stuffed and mounted pet raven, Grip, which inspired the author's novel *Barnaby Rudge*, as well as Edgar Allan Poe's poem "The Raven," and which now resides in the Philadelphia Free Library. Of course this book is wonderful; with such stories, how could it be otherwise? JOE MYSAK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ford Unleashes The World Tractor.

The Series 10.
Engineered to help increase food production in more than 100 countries around the world.



The sun never sets on Ford tractors. Somewhere, right now, there's a Ford tractor working the land. Ford is second in the world in tractor sales, and we've been building tractors for over 65 years.

Our newest mid-range tractors, the Series 10, provide more power at greater efficiency than the models they replaced.

We spent nearly 100 million dollars and five years in their development. And we tested them for 15 thousand hours on working farms in the United States and the United Kingdom.

And now they're ready to tackle the problems of food production all over the world.

So remember us the next time you break a little bread.

There's A Ford In America's Future.

Ford

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A male salmon during or after spawning — 35 117 148 170 115 92

B. A lake in Lake and Obion Counties, Tennessee — 50 105 124 71 1 144 6 91

C. S.O.S.! STRAY CHIP! (anagram) — 56 80 99 175 109 113 129 151 158 36 4 88

D. Put between — 7 34 46 77 23 96 118 132 131 84

E. An Austrian chess expert (1829-1871) — 67 72 134 172 95 125 110

F. A type of triangle — 100 29 62 127 137 8

G. Guards (they don't work on timepieces) — 130 52 9 16 25 106 74 83

H. A certain globose fungus — 140 20 14 167 101 89 149 85

I. Competitive activity in which millions engage — 3 12 19 43 45 57 65

J. What Holmes replied when Watson asked him what school he attended — 146 5 17 33 44 76 40 82 112 123

K. City in Montgomery County, Ohio — 156 93 173 54 10 18

L. Habitual — 39 155 27 30 53 68 114 75 162 168

M. Dug for certain mollusks — 94 78 120 147 169 31 47

N. What Cranmer, Cromwell, and Wolsey were guilty of in Henry VIII — 119 2 41 145 150 160 13 28 55 73

O. To make worse — 15 38 128 21 26 60 66 90 102

P. A certain tropical fruit — 64 154 32 157 37 163

Q. A means of escape — 171 166 42 107 11 63 141 79

R. Before — 24 161 86

S. Appeared to be — 87 111 135 48 152 116

T. One of these United States — 138 58 103 159

U. A mnemonic name which helps one to remember the colors of the rainbow — 139 49 22 164 121 59 97

V. An American family that produced three painters — 70 61 133 122 98

W. A type of soil — 108 126 136 69

X. Utilizes — 142 153 51 176

Y. An uncommon item — 81 165 104 143 174

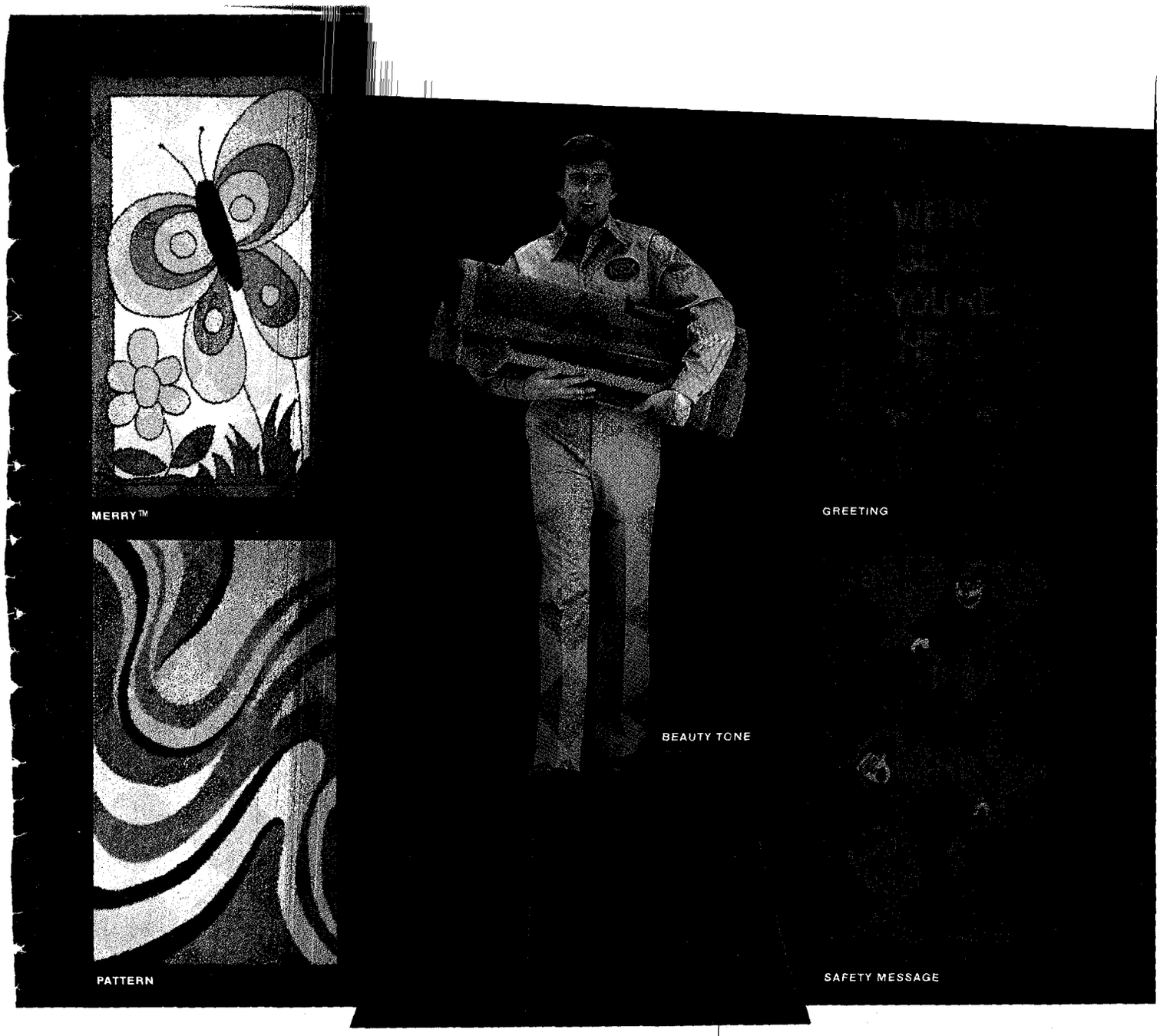
DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 972 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 B	2 N	3 I	■	4 C	5 J	6 B	7 D	8 F	■	9 G	10 K	■	11 Q	12 I	13 N	14 H	■	
15 O	■	16 G	17 J	18 K	19 I	20 H	21 O	22 U	■	23 D	24 R	■	25 G	26 O	27 L	28 N	■	
29 F	30 L	31 M	32 P	■	33 J	34 D	35 A	36 C	37 P	38 O	■	39 L	40 J	■	41 N	42 Q	43 I	
44 J	■	45 I	46 D	47 M	■	48 S	49 U	50 B	51 X	■	52 G	53 L	54 K	55 N	56 C	57 I	58 T	
59 U	60 O	61 V	■	62 F	63 Q	■	64 P	65 I	■	66 O	67 E	■	68 L	69 W	70 V	71 B	72 E	
73 N	74 G	■	75 L	76 J	77 D	■	78 M	79 Q	80 C	81 Y	■	82 J	83 G	84 D	■	85 H	86 R	
87 S	88 C	■	89 H	90 O	91 B	92 A	93 K	94 M	95 E	96 D	97 U	98 V	■	99 C	100F	■	101H	
102O	■	103T	104Y	■	105B	106G	107Q	108W	109C	110E	111S	112J	■	113C	114L	115A	116S	
117A	118D	119N	120M	121U	122V	123J	■	124B	125E	126W	127F	128O	129C	■	130G	131D	■	
132D	133V	134E	135S	■	136W	■	137F	138T	139U	140H	141Q	142X	143Y	■	144B	145N	■	
146J	147M	148A	149H	150N	151C	152S	153X	■	154P	155L	156K	■	157P	■	158C	159T	160N	
161R	162L	163P	164U	165Y	■	166Q	167H	■	168L	169M	170A	171Q	172E	173K	174Y	175C	176X	

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The real beauty of KEX® mat service is how it continues to save you money.

KEX mat service wouldn't be worth a nickle if it didn't save you some dollars. So just look at it from a practical standpoint.

There's no investment. No inventory. And no laundering for you to worry about. Because our service provides you with freshly-laundered Designa® mats regularly. For just a small service charge.

Meanwhile, your floors, carpets, walls, and fixtures remain cleaner lots longer. And your housekeeping time and costs are substantially reduced. Week after week.

You see, Designa mats are constructed differently than other mats. Made of 100% virgin nylon carpet pile that's been twisted and heat set, the mats are able to capture more dirt and grime. So you can count on less waxing and cleaning. And a longer life for your expensive floors.

There's even a bonus. Bordered rubber backs that hug the floor to make areas safer.

All you have to do is select the styles of Designa mats you prefer, from safety messages to greetings, from beauty tones to patterns. In many instances you'll be receiving a wide variety of different designs or messages that change as often as the mats do.

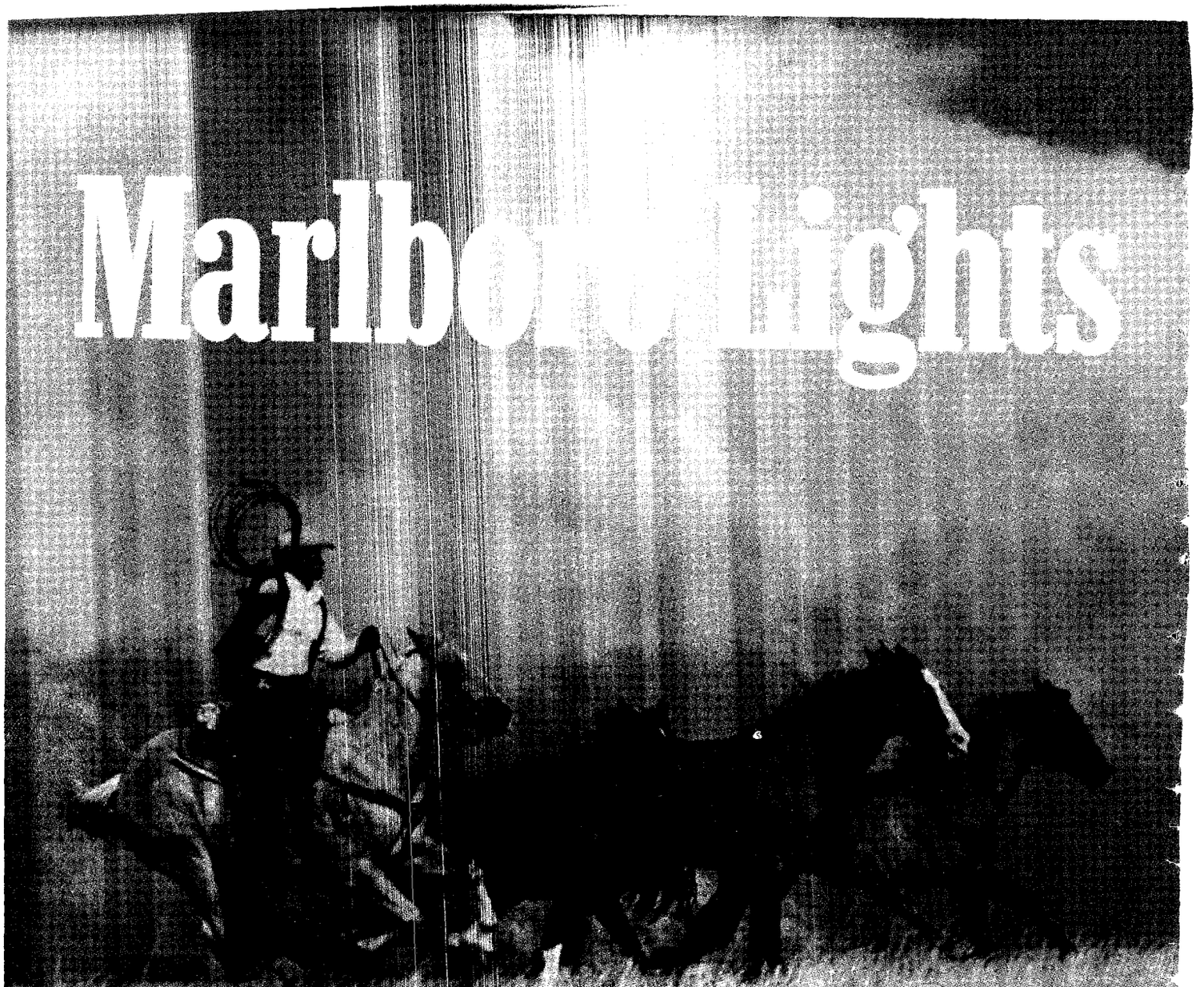
For the name of your nearest KEX Distributor, write or call: KEX National Service,® LaGrange, GA 30240 / (404) 883-5542 or 883-5369. Because our mat service does the job beautifully.

KEX NATIONAL SERVICE®

MILLIKEN KEX® and Designa® are registered trademarks, Merry™ is a trademark, and KEX National Service® is a registered service mark—all of Milliken & Company.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Marlboro Lights



The spirit of Marlboro in a low tar cigarette.

Also available in King Size Flip-Top box.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings Box & 100's: 10 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—Kings: 11 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED